





- METEOR SHIELDS—THEY PROJECTED AN ARC-X: SHIELD WHICH PREVENTED METEORS CRASHING ON TO THE DALEK AREA.
- PIPES CARRYING WATER FROM THE COMPRESSED WATER TANKS—THE WATER WAS MIXED WITH THE AMMONIA, SCOOPED FROM SATURN. THIS WAS PROCESSED FOR THE STRENGTHENING OF DALEK GUNS.
- METHALARM—THIS GLOBE GLOWED BRILLIANTLY WHENEVER METHANE GAS ESCAPED FROM SATURN'S SURFACE. THE MOON, TITAN, HAS AN ATMOSPHERE AND IF EXCESS METHANE GAS ENTERS THIS "AIR", DANGEROUS EXPLOSIONS OCCUR.
- HORIZONTAL-TAKE-OFF SHIP ON RAMP.
 THIS SHIP WAS REMOTE-CONTROLLED TO SKIM
 THE SURFACE OF SATURN, SEARCHING FOR
 "GAS TUNNELS" WHICH DALEKS COULD ENTER.
- CENTRAL CHAMBER, OPERATIONS ROOM
 AND LIVING QUARTERS BUILT ABOVE
 PROCESSING PLANTS. THE CENTRAL CORE (6)
 IS BELIEVED TO HAVE CONTAINED ONE OF
 THE EDITER BRAIN-MACHINES. IT WAS IN THE
 DUST AND DEBRIS OF THIS PART THAT THE
 METAL SCROLL WAS FOUND.
- ART-IONS. TITAN HAS NO IONOSPHERE
 (AS FARTH HAS, ABOVE ITS ATMOSPHERE), SO
 RS EO SIGNALS WOULD GO STRAIGHT OUT
 INTO SPACE AND THE DALEKS COULD NOT SIGNAL
 TO EACH OTHER. THESE INSTRUMENTS MADE
 AN IONOSPHERE AROUND TITAN—THIS WAS
 IN THE DAYS WHEN DALEKS USED RADIO.
- METHANE GAS BORER. THIS MACHINE WAS DRIVEN AHEAD OF THE DALEKS WHEN THEY ENTERED A GAS TUNNEL. IF THE TUNNEL ENDED, THE BORER COULD SUCK ITS WAY THROUGH SOLID ICE.
- 10. A CAPSULE OF ENORMOUS SIZE,
 CONTAINING AMMONIA, WAITING TO
 BE SENT TO SKARO. THE AMMONIA
 WAS COMPRESSED TO SUCH DENSITY THAT THOUSANDS
 OF TONS COULD BE FORCED INTO THIS CAPSULE.
 WITHOUT THE AMMONIA PROCESS, DALEK GUNS
 WOULD MELT.



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by Terry Nation and Brad Ashton

Based on the Dalek Chronicles discovered and translated by Terry Nation

Chris Welkin's adventures are by Russ Winterbotham, and the book has been illustrated by Richard Jennings, John Woods, Leslie Waller and Art Sansom. by arrangement with

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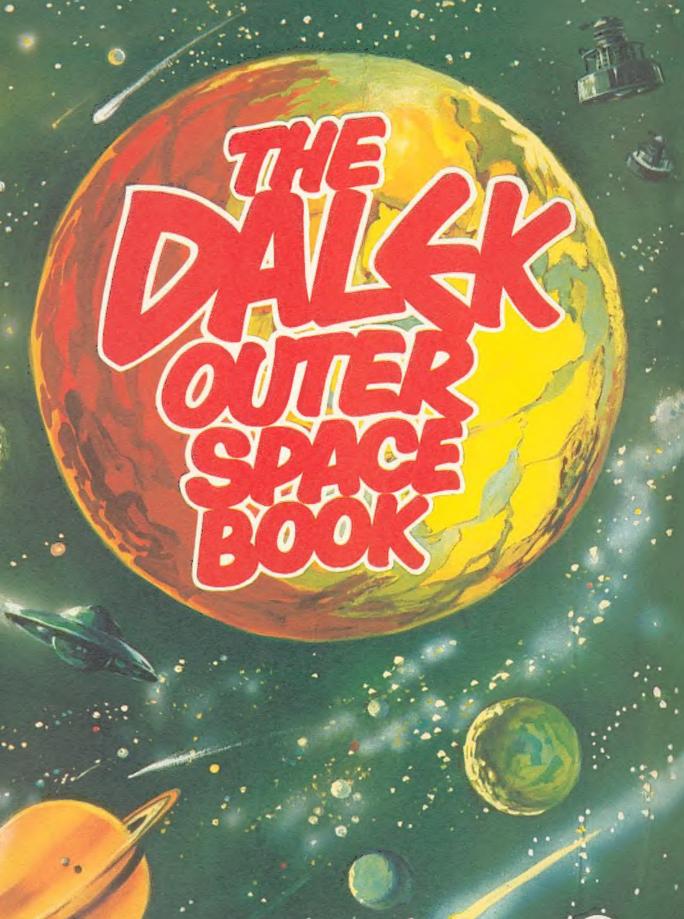
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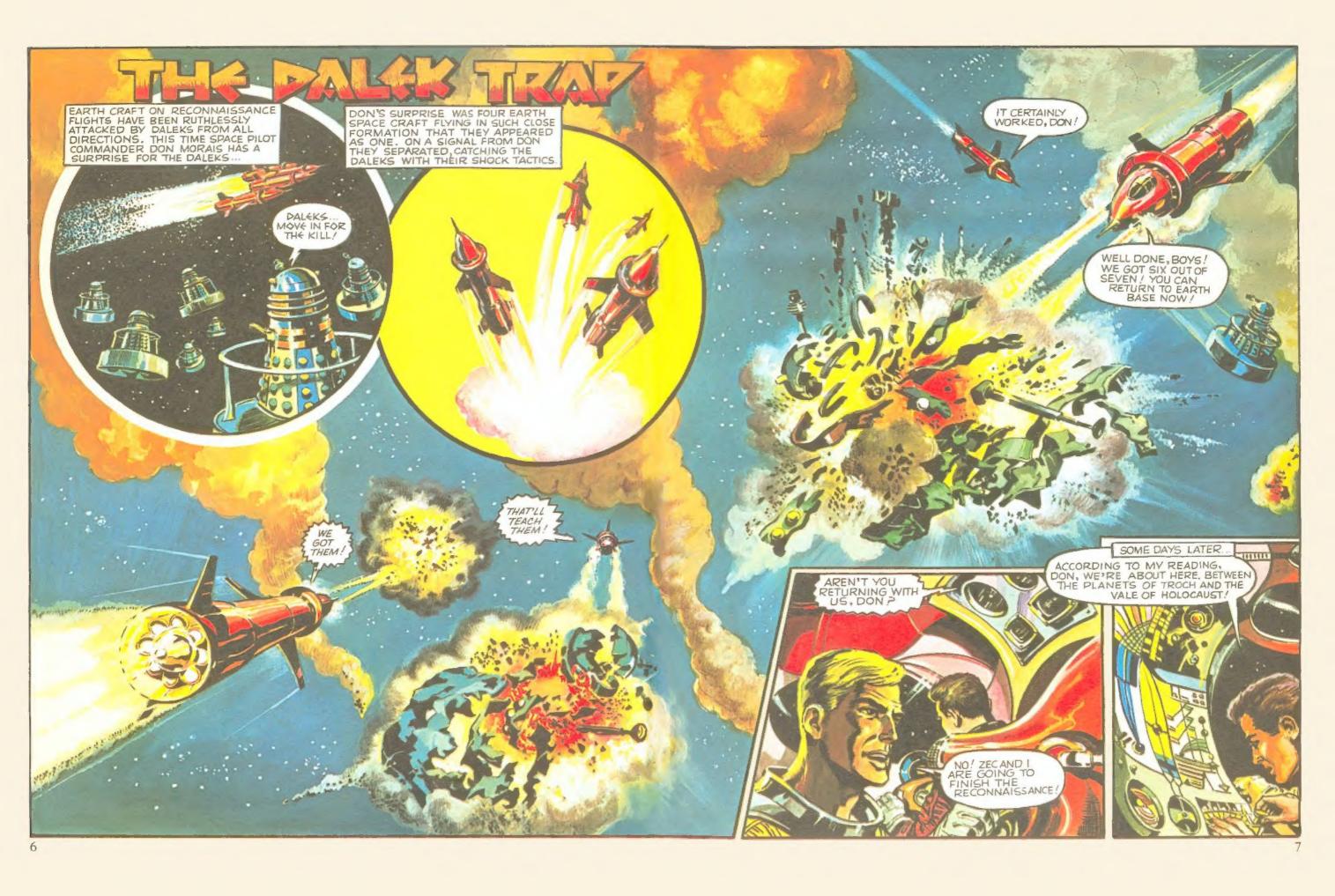
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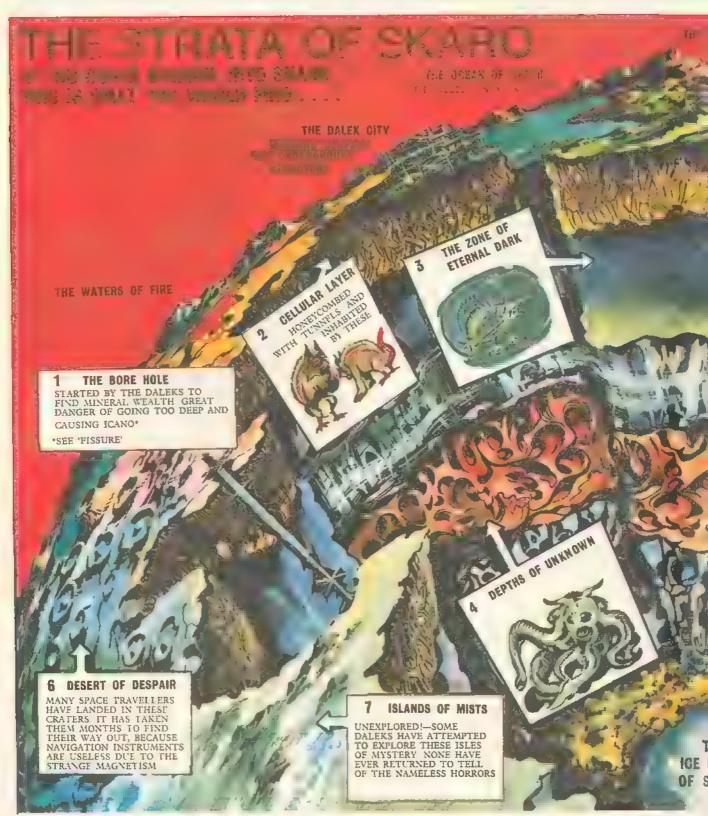












THE ZONE OF ETERNAL DARK

A DARKNESS SO DENSE THAT IT CANNOT BE PENETRATED BY THE MOST POWERFUL LIGHT. WE BELIEVE CREATURES LIKE THESE MAY EXIST IN THIS ZONE.

4 DEPTHS OF UNKNOWN

PERHAPS THE MOST FRIGHTENING AREA IN SKARO'S DEPTHS. MASTERS OF THIS PLACE ARE THE KRAKIS.

5 THE ABYSS OF DEATH

HERE, THE ROCK WALLS NEED FOOD— THE 'LIVING ROCK' CLOSES IN ON ANYTHING THAT VENTURES ALONG ITS TUNNELS, AND CRUSHES IT



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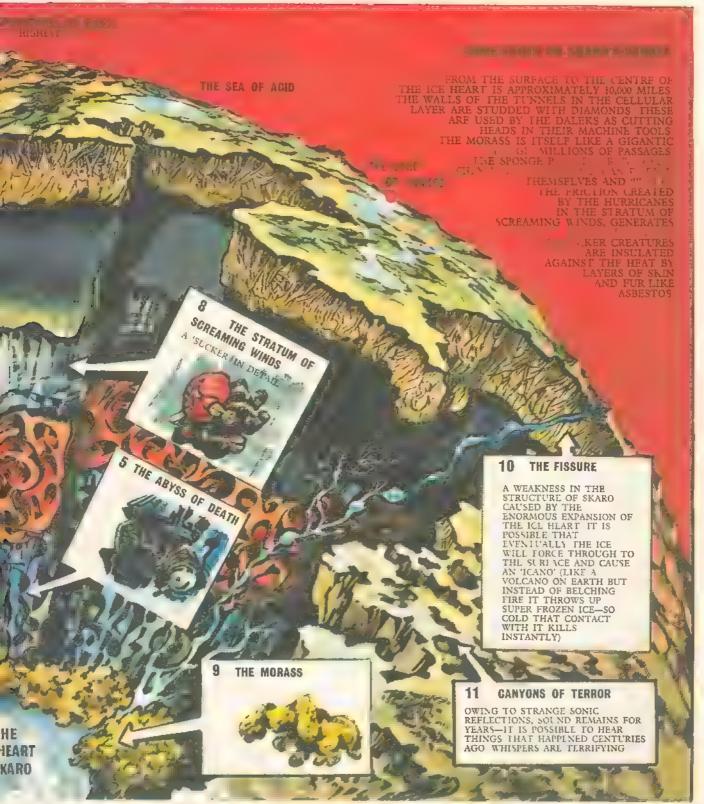
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8 THE STRATUM OF SCREAMING WINDS

THE CONSTANT HURRICANE FORCE WINDS THAT BLOW HERE HAVE POLISHED THE ROCK TO A GLASS-LIKE SMOOTHNESS. THE CREATURES THAT LIVE HERE HAVE SUCKER-LIKE ATTACHMENTS TO HELP THEM MOVE.

THE MORASS

THE PLACE OF THE SPONGE PEOPLE AS YOU KNOW, THE SPONGE YOU USE IN YOUR BATH WAS A LIVING CREATURE THE 'SPONGE PEOPLE' OF THE MORASS ARE HIGHLY DEVELOPED ANIMALS OF THE SAME SPECIES. VERY DEADLY



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POR thousands of years all the planets in the universe lived in harmonious peaceful co-existence. Occasionally they visited each other on exchange systems. Scientist for scientist. Teacher for teacher. Student for student. And, by arrangement, they provided each other with details of atmospheric conditions as warnings against future weather hazards, and universal airlanes were agreed to avoid rockets and spaceships crashing into each other.

All was well and peaceful until one planet—Skaro—decided to become all-powerful. She wanted to dominate the universe. To conquer all other planets. To rule as the Romans had during the bygone days of the Roman Empire. Whilst pretending to be friendly with the other planets, the exchange scientists, teachers and students Skaro sent them were all humanoid spies. Their job was to check on the defence weaknesses of the planets they were visiting. The humanoids were simply enslaved humans whose minds had been robotized to obey all the Daleks' commands.

It took eight years for the Daleks to get ready

their invasion force, and finally the Golden Dalek gave the order for attack.

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First, Skaro invaded some of the smaller uninhabited planets like Phergo, Dizmus and Lagum. These were needed as bases for launching future bigger invasions of the larger planets. The Golden Dalek's plan was to launch the attacks simultaneously from Skaro, Phergo, Dizmus and Lagum so that the unsuspecting victim planets would have the impossible task of defending four fronts at the same time. The Daleks saw themselves mastering the universe in this fashion.

But there was one vital thing the Daleks hadn't foreseen—that the other planets would band together for mutual defence against Skaro, and work in harmony against Skaro—branded by all as "The Outlaw Planet".

Leaders of the largest planets, "The Big Four" as they were known, met on Earth to discuss combined defence. Bakabi, leader of Mars, suggested an immediate attack on Skaro on the basis that the best form of defence is attack. He was shouted down. "The idea is just as barbarian as the Daleks themselves," declared Voccio, leader of Venus, "and anyway there are many of my exchange teachers and students held captive on Skaro. To destroy Skaro would be to destroy them too." Earth and Uranus offered similar arguments against attacking the outlaw planet.

The emergency meeting lasted sixteen hours, during which a long list of suggestions were proposed, discussed, and rejected for their unsuitability in dealing with the brilliantly equipped Daleks. Finally, it was decided to form the S.S.S.—Space Security Service—an organisation comprised of the foremost brains in the space warfare and defence field. It would be a costly organisation paid for by contributions from all the planets in accordance with their size and wealth.

S.S.S. could call on the services of all expert scientists and all planets would guarantee unquestioned co-operation in everything required to ensure defence against Skaro and its new satellite invasion bases.

Perhaps the most important aspect of the new space security service was that it was to be top secret. Its headquarters would be in the centre of a mountain. Which mountain nobody outside S.S.S. was to know. Even presidents and prime ministers were not to be told its whereabouts. Contact would be through a liaison member of S.S.S. stationed on each planet who had sole direct communication with headquarters.

Colonel Marc Forest, veteran space pilot and brilliant warfare strategist, was chosen to head S.S.S. It was left to Colonel Forest to select the members of his team on whom so much depended. To help him, he was given Compuvac—a fabulous electronic brain. Compuvac, a super-colossal computer, when fed details of any problem could give more than just an accurate mathematical answer.

It had the extra quality of *instinct*. And its instinct never failed.

The details of thousands of potential S.S.S. members were fed into Compuvac and a small initial force was selected and given rank according to character and experience. In addition to Colonel Marc, other officer leaders of S.S.S. were: Agent Kurt Soren in charge of S.S.S. Weaponry; Agent David Carson in charge of S.S.S. Space Transport; Agent Sara Kingdom in charge of field operations; and Agent "Seven", a humanoid robot, in charge of internal and field security.

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All S.S.S. agents were equipped with two special weapons. The Mk 6 variable effect hand weapon, and the electro knife. The first, with its range of 11 miles, beams a troniun ray which can be varied in intensity. By setting the dial on the right of the gun, the agent can select the effect the ray will have on its target so that it can either immobilize, stun, or kill. The latter, the electro knife, has a blade made from diametal-the hardest substance in the universe. The knife handle contains a concealed Grauman power unit. When switched on, the blade saws back and forth at tremendous speed enabling it to cut through inch-thick hardened steel. When thrown, the power unit propels it with the speed of a bullet.

Two other specialist weapons are worn by all S.S.S. members as part of their apparel. They are an explosive belt buckle, and blast buttons. The belt buckle is made from neutrovon, an explosive metal. When the prong is snapped off the buckle automatically detonates—a useful device for escape or sabotage. The blast buttons are part of the uniform, and made from a rare metal called magniflare. They merely have to be dampened to burst into flame of great intensity.

Another devastating S.S.S. weapon is the homer dart, an automatic weapon designed specially for night fighting. When the dials are set, the homer dart will seek out any metal weapons, home in, and detonate.



Sara finally found what she needed . . . an abandoned diamond mine.

But even S.S.S. members are captured by Daleks, and, in such emergencies, are able to resist disclosing valuable information by using the S.S.S. anti-torture capsule. This minute, almost invisible capsule is swallowed to deaden the nerve centres. It makes the S.S.S. member completely immune to pain for a period of twelve hours. However, all members are strictly warned not to take more than two of these capsules over a thirty-day period. They would cause instant death.

Since it is often essential for S.S.S. members to be in action for excessively long periods, they are issued with energetin tablets which permit the agent to be fully alert and active for a period of one hundred hours without sleep, food or drink. But they are only to be taken in extreme emergency.

Just six weeks after the formation of S.S.S. came its first call for action. Compuvac reported an instinctive feeling that the Golden Dalek was readying another large-scale invasion. Probably within a week. But, unfortunately, Compuvac was unable to forecast either the time of the invasion, or which planet was to be the target.

Colonel Marc Forest called his senior officers to an emergency meeting.

"On the face of it," he told them, "our task would seem impossible. We are far too small in number to even keep watch on all the likely planet victims, let alone protect them. If only we knew which planet it was!"

"Can't our spies on Skaro help?" asked Agent David Carson.

"I've tried them," replied the Colonel. "They didn't even know as much as Compuvac. My guess is that it's one of the big four they're going for this time. Probably Earth, because of Earth's rich mineral deposits."

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But Forest knew his guesses were nowhere near as accurate as the instinct of Compuvac and he dared not rely on them. Even if the Daleks had chosen Earth for invasion, as soon as their spies learned that S.S.S. were alerting a special anti-invasion force on Earth they would probably switch the attack to one of the other big four. The situation seemed hopeless for the newly-formed S.S.S. to cope with so early in their existence.

But Colonel Marc had an idea that he felt might thwart the Daleks in this particular invasion attempt. He summoned Agent Sara Kingdom to his office.

"Sara," said Forest, "since we don't know which planet the Daleks intend to invade, our only chance is to get them to change their minds and invade one we choose."

If Sara hadn't known of the Colonel's remarkable reputation for strategic warfare she would have sworn he had lost control of his senses. But she knew he would explain further and waited as he laid a map on the desk before him. He pointed to a planet some twenty-two million miles from Earth,

"This planet here—Barzilla it's called—will suit our purpose admirably."

Sara still couldn't see how the Daleks were to be persuaded to invade this almost barren planet in preference to any of the big four. The Colonel answered her unspoken questions:

"The reason I sent for you in particular, Sara," he said, "was because you, as a woman, would be the least suspected by any Dalek spies that may be on Barzilla."

"Do you think there are any on Barzilla?" queried Sara.

"I hope so," answered the Colonel. "In fact, I'm counting on it."

During the next hour, Sara had cause to smile as she heard him outline his plan for her. It was by no means certain of success, but offered a good chance.

As he waved her off at the rocket station he prayed for wisdom and guidance for her. On her rested the future fate of the civilised worlds.

She found the planet Barzilla even more barren than she had pictured it. Dry atmos-



Sara deliberately stirred discontent amongst the Barzillans

phere, caused by periods of long drought, had stripped the place of any vegetation it might otherwise have grown. It had also killed off a large percentage of the population who had died from both starvation and dehydration. The surviving Barzillans lived on water drawn from deep wells. Some bored as far down as five thousand feet to find precious water. They rationed whatever they brought

to the surface between themselves, their starving cattle, and their small patches of land in which they grew crude forms of vegetation on which to survive.

Without her container of concentrated vitamin and liquid tablets, Sara knew she would have had no chance.

She sought out the leader of Barzilla and presented her credentials. The leader, a

six-foot-seven giant of a man named Harker Libra, recognised the S.S.S. membership card and offered Sara all possible assistance. Knowing of the veil of secrecy surrounding the activities of the S.S.S. he wisely decided not to pry into her reasons for suddenly arriving on the planet. Her presence there must be for the good of the free worlds and that was all he needed to know.

At Sara's request he showed her areas of the planet. It was heartbreaking to see the diminishing traces of what had once been a planet rich in waters and vegetation. It had once been beautiful, until nuclear bombs of two thousand years ago had so changed weather conditions in the atmosphere, and made Barzilla now prone to long periods of drought. This was the planet Sara had to make attractive enough for the Daleks to want to invade before Earth, Mars, or Venus.

It took two days of speeding over the surface of Barzilla in a miniature super-speed hovercraft before Sara found what she needed. It was the mouth of a disused mine. She asked Harker Libra for details of it and learnt that it had originally been a diamond mine until the owners abandoned it and moved elsewhere. But, like so many prospectors, they perished wandering the wilderness in search of food and drink for their families.

Sara asked if she could have the mine. Harker Libra readily agreed. Her second request startled him. She asked for a platoon from his dwindling army to stand twenty-four-hour guard over the entrance to the mine. He desperately wanted to ask her reasons, but knew she wouldn't be allowed to answer anyway. He complied with the request.

Part one of Colonel Forest's plan had been completed. Now Sara had to mix with the people. It broke her heart as she saw them. Their eyes were forever searching the heavens for the miracle of rain.

But she hadn't come to sympathise. On the contrary, she told them of the new riches of their leader who had just discovered an unbelievably large seam of pure gold. Gold, still the main galactic currency, could buy food and water from the other more fortunate planets that had an abundance. Sara deliberately stirred discontent amongst the Barzillans by starting the rumour knowing that they might take up arms to usurp Harker Libra. It was a risk she had to take to achieve the other effect she sought—she wanted it to reach the Golden Dalek on Skaro.

And, through a Dalek spy stationed on Barzilla, it did.

She sent word back to S.S.S. headquarters that she had completed stage two of the Colonel's plan. It was now up to Colonel Forest and the Golden Dalek.

Whilst the Daleks were eager for conquest and domination, they were even more eager for easy power through riches, and the prospect of invading a completely defenceless planet like Barzilla, stealing its gold and using it to build an even bigger invasion force to tackle the big four planets, seemed to the Golden Dalek too good an opportunity to miss.

Compuvac gave definite instinctive information that this was the Golden Dalek's new plan of operation.

As always, Compuvac was right. The Daleks raided Barzılla. But, instead of gold, they found a trap.

As their spaceships landed, they were attacked from the air by surprise forces organised from all the other planets by Colonel Forest.

The Dalek force was destroyed.

S.S.S. had completed its first successful space security task. And for their help the Barzillans were rewarded with supplies contributed by other planets to last them through the long drought they had been enduring. Sara Kingdom completed her report on the first S.S.S. battle against the outlaw planet. It was a report that all members of S.S.S. could view with pride.



The Dateks felt into the trup set by Colonel Porest

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"DALEKWIZ"

A SERIES OF QUESTIONS DESIGNED TO TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF THE DALEKS. SCORE TEN POINTS FOR EVERY CORRECT ANSWER.

KNOWLEDGE RATING:

ONE HUNDRED POINTS MAXIMUM) YOU ARE EXPERT ENOUGH TO BECOME A JUNIOR TRAINEE OF S.S.S.

SIXIY TO NINELY POINTS. AN EXCELLENT SCORE YOU WILL HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR FROM THE DALEKS IF YOU REMEMBER THIS INFORMATION.

FIFTY POINTS. VERY GOOD

FORTY POINTS. YOU NEED TO STUDY THE DALEKS MORE CLOSELY.

IWENTY TO THIRIY POINTS. NOT VERY GOOD SUGGEST YOU STUDY THE ANSWERS THOROUGHLY.

UNDER TWENTY POINTS. FOR YOUR OWN SAFETY YOU SHOULD GET TO KNOW A GREAT DEAL MORE ABOUT THE DALEKS.

- I. YOU ARE LOOKING DIRECTLY AT A DALEK AND HE IS LOOKING AT YOU. . . . NOW, (WITHOUT LOOKING AT A PICTURE) IS HIS SUCKER CUP ON YOUR RIGHT OR YOUR LEFT?
- 2. WHAT IS THE NAME OF THE PLANET FROM WHICH THE DALEKS COME?
- 3. WHAT IS THE NAME OF THE OTHER RACE THAT INHABIT THE DALEKS' PLANET?
- 4. THE ORGANIZATION THAT WAS SET UP TO COMBAT THE DALEKS IS S.S.S. GIVE THE NAME OF ITS MOST FAMOUS WOMAN MEMBER
- 5. DO THE DALEKS BUILD THEIR CITIES ABOVE, OR BELOW THE GROUND?
- 6. WHEN THE DALEKS ARE IN THEIR CITIES, HOW DO THEY OBTAIN THE ELECTRIC POWER TO OPERATE THEMSELVES?
- 7. WHAT DO THE INITIALS 'S.S.S.' STAND FOR?
- 8. HAVE THE DALEKS EVER INVADED EARTH?
- 9 HOW DOES A DALEK 'SEE'. 'A THROUGH EYES LIKE A HUMAN? BY THROUGH A SYSTEM I IKE RADAR? OR (C. THROUGH A WIDE ANGLE TELEVISION LENS?
- IO. IF YOU MET A DALEK FACE TO FACE, WOULD YOU (A TRY TO TALK TO HIM? (B) TRY TO ATTACK HIM? (C) RUN FOR YOUR LIFE?

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- IO. 'C', RUN FOR YOUR LIFE
- 9. 'C'. A WIDE ANGLE TELEVISION LENS.

COME WE EARTH PEOPLE,

- 8 KES WYNK LIWES HOWEVER THEY HAVE NEVER BEEN ARIF TO TOTALLY OVER-
 - 7. SPACE SECURITY SERVICE.
 - 6. THEY RECEIVE ELECTRIC ENERGY FROM THE METAL FLOORS OF THE CITY.
 - 5. THE CITIES ARE BUILT BELOW THE GROUND.
 - 4. SARA KINGDOM.
 - 3 THE THAIS
 - 2. SKARO.
 - 1. THE SUCKER CUP IS ON YOUR LEFT.

VIOLENS

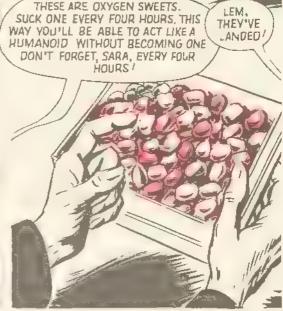
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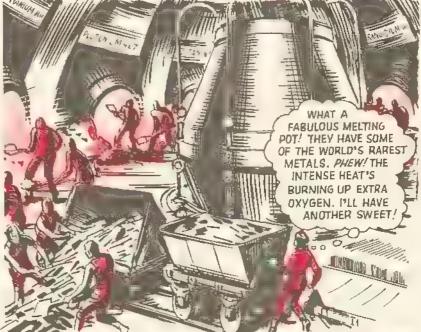




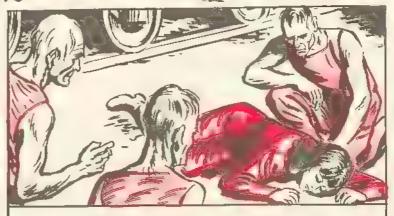












THE SECOND SWEET GAVE HER TOO MUCH OXYGEN CAUSING OVERACTIVITY OF THE BRAIN. IT MADE HER FIVE SENSES GO HAYWIRE AND FAINTING WAS THE BODY'S NATURAL SAFETY VALVE.





THIS BUTANIC GAS WILL
PUT HER TO SLEEP AGAIN,
AND LEAVE HER IN THE
PERFECT RIGID STATE FOR
YOUR EXPERIMENT!

HURRY, WE MUST DO IT WHILE THE METAL'S AT BOILING POINT!



















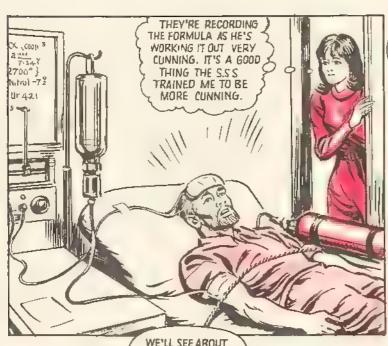


































From: COMPUVAC COL. MARC FOREST

SUBJECT: PUBLIC INTEREST IN S.S.S.

UNTIL NOW THE WORKINGS OF S.S.S.
HAVE BEEN TOP SECRET. EVEN PRIME
MINISTERS AND PRESIDENTS HAVE
BEEN DENIED INFORMATION ABOUT
THE ORGANIZATION. HOWEVER, IN
VIEW OF THE GRAVE DANGER THAT
FACES THE WORLD FROM THE DALEKS
I FEEL THE PUBLIC WOULD GAIN
SOME REASSURANCE IF THEY KNEW
THE CAPABILITY OF S.S.S. I SUGGEST
THE ATTACHED FILE IS PUBLISHED
WITH SOME EXPLANATORY NOTES.

Signed: COMPUVAC.

A776ABA

SECURITY CLASSIFICATION: 00A1 (TOP SECRET)

NOTE: OOAI CLASSIFICATION PROHIBITS ALL PERSONNEL BELOW THE TREBLE S RANK FROM ACCESS TO THIS FILE

SPECIAL SPACE SECURITY (S.S.S.)

FILE NO: 16733 977, COMPILED BY COMPUVAC



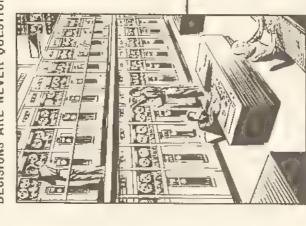
PERSONS ALLOWED ACCESS TO THIS FILE: WITHOUT SPECIAL PERMISSION.

COL. MARC FOREST

S.S.S. AGENT 'SEVEN'

S.S.S. CHAIN OF COMMAND. NOTE FROM COMPUVAC. DETAILS OF EXECUTIVE OFFICERS ONLY.

DECISIONS ARE NEVER QUESTIONED. COMPUVAC, THE SUPREME COMMANDER OF S.S.S. ITS



T IS THEN ANALYSED, CONSIDERED, INFORMATION IS FED TO COMPUVAC AND A COURSE OF ACTION DECIDED COMPUVAC IS THE MOST EFFICIENT COMPUTER IN THE UNIVERSE, AND UPON. COMPUVAC THEN PASSES ON S THE 'BRAINS' OF S.S.S. COLONEL MARC FOREST ITS DECISION TO

THE PARTY OF THE P

IN COMMAND ONLY TO COMPUVAC FIFTY YEARS OLD AND A VETERAN WAR ROCKET PILOT WHO DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF IN THE SPACE WARS TOTALLY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE INFORMATION FED TO COMPUVAC AND FOR ENSURING COLONEL MARC FOREST. SECOND TS ORDERS ARE OBEYED



SS AGENT KURT SOREN RATING ODA!
IN CHARGE OF SS. WEAPONRY
SOREN RESPONSIBLE FOR MAINTENANCE
OF EXISTING WEAPONS, AND FOR DEVISING
NEW SPECIAL PURPOSE WEAPONS HIS DUTY
IS TO ENSURE THE PERFECT FUNCTIONING
OF ALL ARMS USED BY AGENTS THE MOST
MINOR FAILURE COULD RESULT IN THE

SEE FILE MW 444 SS WEAPONS) SSS YEARLY ARMS BUDGET, £8,000 000

AGENTS' DEATHS

SSS AGENT DAVID CARSON .RATING OOA!,
IN CHARGE OF SSS SPACE TRANSPORT
IT IS THE FUNCTION OF THIS DIVIS:ON TO
SHIP AGENTS TO ANY PART OF THE UNIVERSE AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE FAVOURITE VEHICLE. IS THE K9 SUPER ROCKET FOUR K95 ARE STANDING BY FOR IMMEDIATE BLAST-OFF. TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY SEE FILE MT 7737 SSS TRANSPORT SSS YEARLY TRANSPORT BLDGET,



GALACTIC GOVERNMENT HO EARTH

JOB TO MAKE ABSOLUTELY CERTAIN THAT ALL \$5.5 AGENTS REMAIN 100°, LOYAL ENEMY AGENTS ARE CONSTANTLY TRYING TO PENETRATE \$5.5 THANKS TO RUTHLESS AGTION BY 7' NONE HAS IT IS QUITE IMPOSSIBLE TO DISTINGUISH HIM FROM A NORMAL HUMAN IT IS HIS SSS AGENT SEVEN (RATING SOOAL) IN CHARGE OF INTERNAL AND FIELD AGENT 'SEVEN' IS A HUMANOID ROBOT SECURITY

SSS YEARLY SECURITY BUDGET, £100 000 SEE FILE HR 777 HUMANOID ROBOT SUCCEDED STRUCTURE



THE GALACTIC COVERNMENT WHICH COMPRISES REPRESENTATIVES OF ALL THE CIVILIZED PLANETS G 6 SUPPLIES THE FINANCES OF HIS OPERATIONS ONLY WHEN HE CONSIDERS IT IS IMPORTANT NEEDED TO OPERATE S.S. COL FOREST INFORMS THE 8 G THAT THEY SHOULD KNOW



SUPPRESSION OF SPACE PIRACY, GALACTIC CRIME, SPACE AND TERRESTRIAL WARS IN CHARGE OF FIELD OPERATIONS DUTIES UNLIMITED, BUT INCLUDE SSS YEARLY BUDGET ON FIELD OPERATIONS NOT REVEALED, SEE FILE P.41141 DOSSIER ON SARA KINGDOM RATING DOAL

SARA KINGDOM?

MEMO FROM: TO: COMPUVAC

COLONEL MARC FOREST

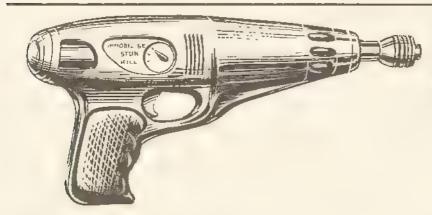
SUBJECT: AGENT SARA KINGDOM (00AI) THIS AGENT'S DARING EXPLOITS HAVE BEEN WELL REPORTED ON GALACTIC DIMENSIONAL T.V. I BELIEVE IT WOULD BE IN THE PUBLIC INTEREST TO PUBLISH HER DOSSIER

SIGNED: COMPUVAC.

THE PHOTOSTAT OF THE DOCUMENT REPRODUCED BELOW HAS BEEN AUTHORIZED BY COL. FOREST.

DIVISION: \$ \$ \$. INTERNAL SECURIT AGENT'S RECORDS. PRIVATE DOSSIE		FILE P.41141 CLASSIFIED INFORMATION REGISTERED WITH COMPUVAC CHANNEL 9
AGENT'S NAME: SAR.		SARA KINGDOM
SEX: FEMALE		
AGE:		TWENTY-THREE
PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS:	HAIR RAVEN EYES BROWN HEIGHT 5'9"	DISTINGUISHING MARKS: SMALL HEART-SHAPED MOLE ON RIGHT HIP. BULLET SCAR ON LEFT UPPER ARM.
NATIONALITY:		EARTHLING (BORN MARS,
MARITAL STATE:		SINGLE
SPECIAL INFORMATION. SARA KINGDOM WAS BORN ON MARS AND ATTENDED SPACE UNIVERSITY ON THAT PLANET HER FATHER WAS EMPLOYED BY MM ROCKET CO. INC. ON HER TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY SHE WAS RETURNING TO EARTH WITH HER FATHER WHEN THEIR SHIP WAS ATTACKED BY SPACE PIRATES. SARA WAS THE ONLY SURVIVOR. WITH GREAT COURAGE AND DETERMINATION SHE, SINGLE HANDED, TRACED THE PIRATES ROCKET TO ITS HEADQUARTERS AND DESTROYED IT. AND ITS ENTIRE CREW. DETERMINED TO PLAY HER PART IN GALACTIC SAFETY SHE APPLIED FOR MEMBERSHIP TO S.S.S.		
SPECIAL ACHIEVEMENTS MISS KINGDOM HAS BEEN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CAPTURE OF SEVERAL GALACTIC CRIMINALS SHE IS LICENSED TO PILOT ALL TYPES OF ROCKETS (THE ONLY WOMAN IN THE UNIVERSE TO SO QUALIFY), EXPERT IN UNARMED COMBAT. VERY ACCURATE WITH S.S.S WEAPONS. HER LOYALTY TO S.S.S. IS UNQUESTIONED		
COMPUVAC ASSESSMENT A FIRST CLASS AGENT. HAS A TENDENCY TO IGNORE DANGER, AND SEEMS TO CARRY A CHIP ON HER SHOULDER. SHE MUST OVERCOME HER INCLINATION TO SHOOT FIRST AND ASK QUESTIONS AFTER HOWEVER SSS IS VERY FORTUNATE TO HAVE AN AGENT OF HER CALIBRE		

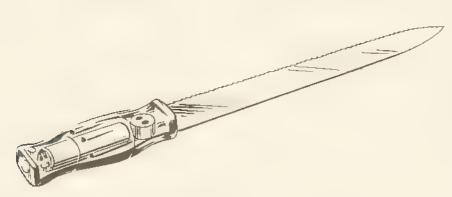
DETAILED BELOW ARE SOME OF THE S.S.S. WEAPONS:



THE MK 6 VARIABLE EFFECT HAND WEXPON

BEAMS A TRONIUN RAY WHICH CAN BE VARIED IN INTENSITY BY SETTING THE DIAL ON THE R GHT OF THE GUN. THE AGENT CAN SELECT THE EFFECT THE RAY WILL HAVE ON ITS TARGET IMMOBILIZE STUN KILL ALL SSS AGENTS CARRY THIS WEAPON

RANGE: 1½ MILES. MAGAZINE CAPACITY: 100 SHOTS. WEIGHT: 80z. LENGTH: 9 INCHES



THE ELECTRO KNIFE:

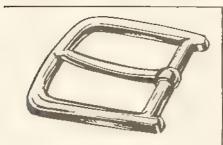
THE BLADE IS MADE FROM DIAMETAL, THE HARDEST SUBSTANCE IN THE UNIVERSE IN THE HANDLE OF THE ELECTRO KNIFE IS A GRAUMAN POWER UNIT SWITCHED ON, THE BLADE SAWS BACK AND FORTH AT HIGH SPEED AND CAN CUT THROUGH INCH-THICK HARDENED STEEL WHEN THROWN THE POWER JNIT PROPELS IT WITH THE SPEED OF A BULLET ALL S.S. AGENTS CARRY THIS WEAPON

WEIGHT: 10oz. LENGTH: 12 INCHES.

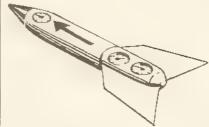
POWER UNIT LIFE BEFORE RECHARGE: 3 HOURS.

THROWING RANGE: 100 YARDS.

SPECIALIST WEAPONS:



BELT BUCKLE EXPLOSIVE THE BELT BUCKLE WORN BY ALL SSS AGENTS IS MADE FROM NEUTROVON, AN EXPLOSIVE METAL. TO DETONATE THE BUCKLE, THE PRONG IS SNAPPED OFF USEFUL FOR ESCAPE, AND SABOTAGE

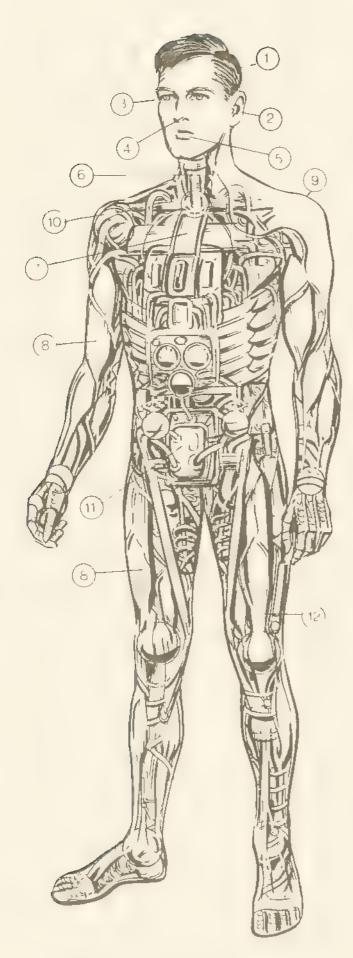


HOMER DARTS AUTOMATIC WEAPONS FOR NIGHT FIGHTING WHEN THE DIALS ARE SET, THE HOMER DARTS WILL SEEK OUT ANY METAL WEAPONS AND HOME IN AND DETONATE





BLAST BUTTONS: ALL BUTTONS ON SSS UNIFORMS ARE MADE FROM MAGNIFLARE METAL WHEN DAMPENED THEY BURST INTO FLAME OF GREAT INTENSITY



AGENT SEVEN

HUMANOID ROBOT MANJFACTURED AT S.S.S. H.O. EARTH

- 1 LOOKS LIKE REAL HAIR BUT IS IN FACT A VERY RESILIENT FIBRE THAT PROTECTS HEAD MECHANISMS FROM IMPACTS
- AUDIO DETECTORS ULTRA HIGH POWERED

 MICROPHONES SENSITIVE ENOUGH TO HEAR A PIN
 DROP OVER FOUR M LES AWAY
- 3 VIS ON LENS M.NIATURIZED TELEVISION CAMERAS THAT RELAY ALL VISUAL IMAGES TO CALCULATOR CELL THESE BIVE SUPER-VISION, ALLOWING SEVEN TO READ A NEWS-PAPER AT A RANGE OF 5 MILES
- 4 EARLY WARNING LOCATOR AND SCENT ANALYSER MAGNI RADAR UNIT THAT IS DES GNED TO LOOK LIKE A HLMAN NOSE CAN DETECT THE APPROACH OF ANYTHING OR ANYBODY IN TOTAL DARKNESS SCENT ANALYSER IS SELF EXPLANATORY
- 5 SPEECH PROJECTOR LIPS AND TONGUE MADE TO SIMULATE HUMAN SPEECH METHODS
- 6 MECHI-VOCALISER, MECHANICAL VOICE CHORDS THESE ARE VARIABLE THUS SEVEN IS A MARVELLOUS MIM C AND CAN IMPERSONATE ANY VOICE OR SOUND PERFECTLY
- 7 CALCULATOR CELLS VIRTUALLY A COMPUTER, BUILT TO RESEMBLE A HUMAN BRAIN VERY HIGH INTELLIGENCE LEVEL
- 8 MUSCULAR UNITS POWERFUL ELECTRIC MOTORS ARE SUBSTITUTED FOR HUMAN MUSCLE THESE GIVE SEVEN FANTASTIC STRENGTH HE CAN LIFT EIGHT TONS WITH ONE HAND
- 9 SKIN LAYER AGAIN THIS LOOKS LIKE SKIN AND HAS FLESH TONES IT IS IN FACT STRONG FLEXIBLE PLASTIC AND WILL WITHSTAND FIRE AND CUTS WITHOUT DAMAGE IT IS BULLET-PROOF
- 10 RADICOM UNIT BUILT INTO HIS RIGHT SHOULDER IS A POWERFUL RADIO RECEIVER TRANSMITTER WHICH ALLOWS HIM TO KEEP IN CONSTANT COMMUNICATION WITH H 0
- 11 POWER UNITS SELF CHARGING ELECTRO CELLS PROVIDE THE MOTIVE POWER FOR SEVEN AFTER A VERY ARDUOUS OPERATION, SEVEN MAY APPEAR TIRED THIS MERELY MEANS HIS CELLS ARE DISCHARGED, LIKE US WHEN WE RUN OUT OF ENERGY
- 12 THE MUSCULAR UNITS IN THE LEGS ARE SO POWERFUL THAT SEVEN COULD RUN AT SPRINT SPEED FOR OVER 100 MILES

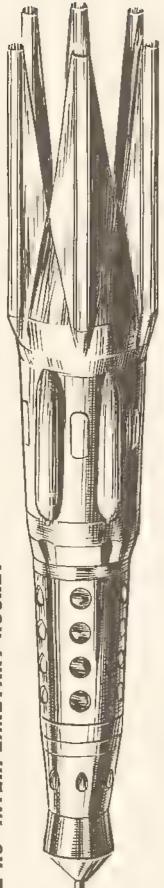
IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO DISTINGUISH AGENT SEVEN FROM A NORMAL HUMAN BEING HOWEVER, THE TRANSPAREX PICTURE SHOWS HE IS FAR FROM HUMAN INTERNALLY

NOTE THERE ARE SEVERAL OTHER SECRET DEVICES BUILT INTO SEVEN THAT HAVE NOT YET BEEN DE-CLASSIFIED.

37

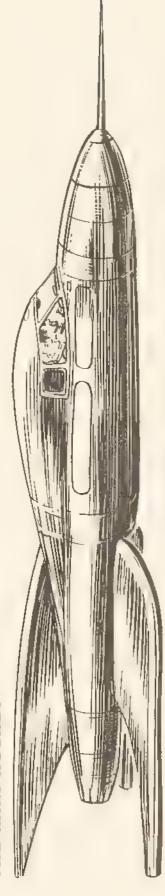
S.S.S. TRANSPORT AGENT DAVID CARSON COMMANDING

THE K9 INTERPLANETARY ROCKET



A HUGE AND POWERFUL SPACE CRAFT THAT HAS A SPEED APPROACHING THAT OF LIGHT, POWERED BY SOVAL HYDRAN MOTORS. CARRIES A CREW OF EIGHT HIGHLY-TRAINED TECHNICIANS. THE K9 CAN EJECT ITS NOSE CONE WHICH THEN BECOMES A FOUR-MAN SPACE CAPSULE THAT IS CONTROLLED FROM THE MOTHER SHIP. HEAVILY ARMED, THE K9 IS ONE OF THE BEST FIGHTING SHIPS IN THE UNIVERSE THE K9 IS DESIGNED FOR SUSTAINED FLIGHT AND CAN STAY IN OPERATION FOR SIX YEARS IF THE NEED ARISES. THESE SHIPS ARE USED EXCLUSIVELY BY S.S.S.

THE MINI ROCKET



THE MINI ROCKET IS VIRTUALLY A SPACE CAR. CARRIES ONLY TWO PEOPLE. HIGH RANKING S.S. AGENTS EACH HAVE A MINI ROCKET THIS SPACE CRAFT IS QUITE FAST, THOUGH IT CANNOT COMPETE WITH THE K9. FOUR MINI ROCKETS CAN BE CARRIED IN THE HOLD OF A K9. IT IS POWERED BY CARSON ANTI-GRAV, MOTORS WHICH NEED NO FUEL OF ANY KIND. A SPECIAL FEATURE OF THESE CRAFT IS THE REMOTE RESPONSE CONTROL. EACH AGENT HAS A SMALL BLACK BOX WHICH WHEN SWITCHED ON WILL TRANSMIT A HOMING BEAM TO THE MINI ROCKET. THE SHIP WILL THEN AUTOMATICALLY FOLLOW THE BEAM AND TRAVEL TO MEET THE AGENT

S.S.S. STANDARD EQUIPMENT. IT IS COMPULSORY THAT THESE ITEMS ARE CARRIED BY ALL AGENTS

SPECIAL SPACE SECURITY: DIV. 5503:

NAME: SARA KINGDOM

RANK: 00AI

SERIAL NO: 5503 A A 707

AUTHORITY: S.S.S. UNLIMITED







LEFT HAND THUMB



SIGNATURE

To Whom It May Concern.

The begrer of this document so member of 555 and as such we, the duly elected Munisters of the Galactic Gevernment, call on you to give all and assistance to the agent we also hereby empower the agent to act with all the authority of the government.

Signed on behalf of Galactic Government

Tam.

AN S.S.S. IDENTITY CARD, THE 'CARD' IS MADE FROM SOLID GOLD AND THE INFORMATION EMBOSSED ON IT. THE GOLD IS WORTH £500 AND IS DESIGNED TO PROVIDE AGENTS WITH FUNDS IN AN EMERGENCY.

ALL OPERATIVES WILL CARRY A MK6 VARIABLE EFFECT HAND WEAPON AND AN ELECTRO KNIFE

SPECIAL MEDICAL EQUIPMENT:

ANT-TORTURE CAPSULE AN AGENT. ANTICIPATING CAPTURE CAN TAKE ONE OF THESE CAPSULES IT DEADENS ALL THE NERVE CENTRES AND MAKES ONE OBLIVIOUS TO PAIN FOR A PERIOD OF TWELVE HOURS DANGEROUS TO EXCEED MORE THAN TWO CAPSULES IN THIRTY DAYS

ENERGETIN TABLET PERMITS AN AGENT TO CONTINUE WITHOUT SLEEP, FOOD, OR DRINK, FOR ONE HUNDRED HOURS AT THE END OF THIS PERIOD IT IS ESSENTIAL FOR THE AGENT TO HAVE TOTAL REST FOR A MINIMUM OF ONE DAY. THESE TABLETS SHOULD BE TAKEN ONLY IN EXTREME EMERGENCY

INTERNAL TRANSMITTER PILL. THIS PILL IS ACTIVATED WHEN SWALLOWED, AND TRANSMITS A RADIO SIGNAL A TRACKING RECEIVER CAN FOLLOW THE MOVEMENTS OF THE AGENT AT ALL TIMES THE PILL DISSOLVES AND DE-ACTIVATES AFTER TWO HOURS









POCKET COMPUTER
THIS TINY INSTRUMENT HAS
OVER ELEVEN MILL ON MEMORY
CELLS AN AGENT REDJIRING
NFORMATION ON ANY
SUBJECT MERELY SPEAKS
THE QUEST ON INTO ITS
BUILT-IN MICROPHONE
IN FIVE SECONDS THE
ANSWER APPEARS IN THE
FRAME AT THE TOP OF
THE COMPUTER



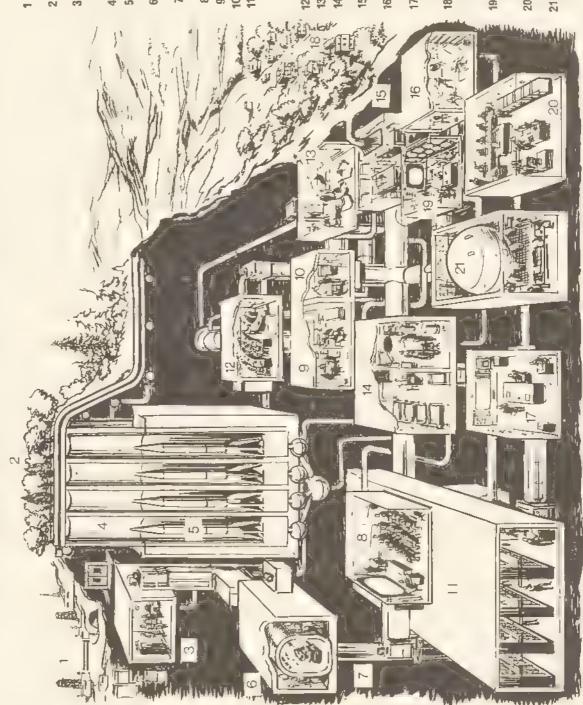
AN SSS BADGE THESE ARE WORN AT ALL TIMES WH LST MEMBERS ARE AT H 0 THE BADGE HAS BEEN TREATED WITH RADIO ACTIVITY ANYONE TRY NG TO PENETRATE H 0 W TH A COUNTERFEIT BADGE COLLD BE INSTANTLY DETECTED BY THE REINIGER COUNTERS



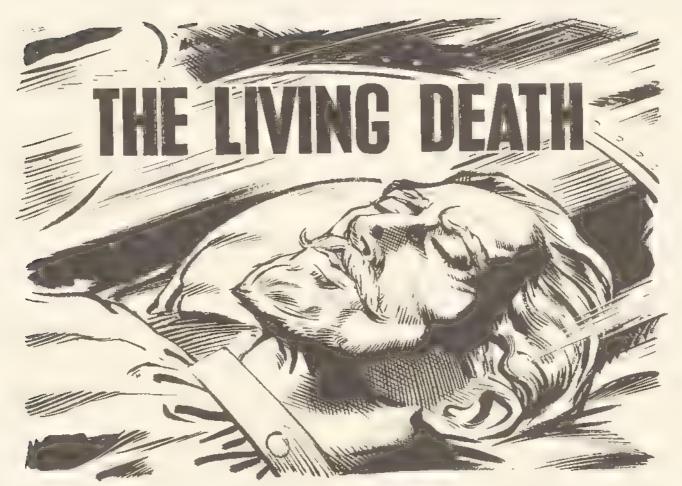
TRANS-RECEIVER
PEN TRANSMITS
AND RECE VES SUB
ETHERIC RADIO
BEAMS AT
UN, IM TED RANGE
ENABLES AGENT TO
KEEP IN CONSTANT
CONTACT WITH H O
FROM ANYWHERE IN
THE UNIVERSE

S.S.S. HEADQUARTERS

S.S.S. IS HOUSED MUST REMAIN SECRET. HOWEVER, WE ARE PERMITTED TO PUBLISH THE CUT-AWAY PLAN THE ACTUAL LOCATION OF THE MOUNTAIN IN WHICH SHOWING THE GENERAL LAYOUT OF THE COMMAND HEADOUARTERS



- 1 GATE ! DVER TWO HUNDRED MEN ARE ON 24-HOUR GUARD AT THIS GATE
- 2 THE HEAVILY WOODED HILLTOP SLIDES BACK TO OPEN THE LAUNCH TUBES
- 3 MAIN RECEPTION AND SECURITY CHECK EVERYONE ENTERING OR LEAVING MUST FIRST REPORT HERE
- 4 LAUNCH TUBES EACH IS TWO MILES DEEP
- 5 FOUR K9 ROCKETS STANDING BY FOR EIGHT-SECOND BLAST-OFF
- 6 WEAPONS LABORATORY EXPERIMENTAL WORK CARRIED OUT HERE
- 7 ALL VERTICAL SHAFTS ARE EQUIPPED WITH HIGH-SPEED LIFTS
- BAGENTS BRIEFING ROOM
- 9 MALE OPERATIVES LIVING QUARTERS
- OFEMALE OPERATIVES LIVING QUARTERS
- THIS VAST SPACE IS FILLED BY COMPUVAC 11COMPUVAC HOUSING TOTALLY BOMB PROOF AND 10 MILES BENEATH THE SURFACE THE SIZE OF THIS CHAMBER IS I MILE X I MILE WEARLY ALL
 - 12 SPACE TRANSPORT CONTROL
 - 13 OBSERVATION ROOM
- 14 SPADE MEDIDAL CENTRE SPEC, ALISES IN SPACE ILLNESS AND RESEARCH
- 15 KITCHENS SPECIALIZING IN MEALTH-GIVING DIETS FOR AGENTS
- 16 GYMNASIUM AGENTS KEEP FIT AND TRAIN IN THE ARTS OF SELF DEFENCE 17 COLONEL MARC FORESTS COMMAND OFFICE DIRECTLY LINKED TO COMPUVAC BY A TUNNEL
 - 18 MOUNTAIN VILLAGE SSS SECURITY SO GOOD THE INHABITANTS OF THE VILLAGE HAVE NO IDEA WHAT IS HAPPENING INSIDE THE MOUNTAIN
- 19 COMMUNICATIONS CENTRE IN CONSTANT CONTACT WITH EVERY PLANET IN THE UNIVERSE
- 20 ADM. NISTRATION SECTOR RECORDS
- 21 POWER SUPPLY UNITS PROVIDING POWER FOR THE ENTIRE NETWORK IN THE MOUNTAIN



OR fifteen years Jim Hardwicke's colleague scientists had laughed at him. Now it was his turn to laugh right back. "You're just wasting your time, Jim," they'd said. "You're trying to achieve the impossible." But Jim's rugged determination proved fruitful, for here he was being presented with the Super Nobel Prize for his tireless efforts. After fifteen hard years of trial and error, bitter disappointments, ridicule and little encouragement, Jim had completed his experiments and discovered an antidote to old age—a method of prolonging a man's lifespan so that he could live on, on, and on.

The "Hardwicke Elixir" they called it. It could put a man to death in two hours. A new kind of death. A death that was no more than a rest. A sort of temporary death that lasted for forty years.

During those forty years parts of the body would rest and awake replenished with a new energy. A new life force. A completely revitalised body.

The skin too would change. It's common knowledge that over a period of forty years a person undergoes a complete change of skin, and this would happen during the "temporary death" period so that even this give-away trace of old age would now be undetectable.

"A fantastic achievement, Mr. Hardwicke," said the official as he presented Jim's Super Nobel Prize. "You have given the whole world something which can only be described as a miracle. On behalf of every man and woman on Earth, I thank you."

But, at this proud moment, Jim Hardwicke could not foresee that his dream would turn into a nightmare in the not too distant future.

As a symbol of their confidence in the new

discovery, eight learned scientists in their late years came from all parts of the Earth to be the first humans to be given the elixir. All were men with brilliant brains who would normally have died or become senile within a few years. This was their chance to live again in forty years time and give more service from their fertile brains.

On their television screens the whole world witnessed the eight men take the elixir and slowly sink into a death-like state of unconsciousness. Their bodies were laid to rest in a mausoleum specially built for these new living dead. Guards from all nations took turns ensuring peace for the sleeping inmates against vandals and souvenir hunters.

The guards were vigilant, yet none were able to explain how one of the bodies disappeared within a week. Apart from their own daily routine inspection, no one had entered or left the mausoleum. They all swore to this. Nevertheless, the body had gone.

Other scientists sought explanations for the disappearance. Perhaps the chemicals in the elixir had caused the body to evaporate or dissolve into the atmosphere? But why not the other bodies too? And why was there not even a trace of the clothing on the body? It had vanished in its entirety without leaving a clue.

Nations that had praised Jim Hardwicke now blamed him for the scientist's mysterious disappearance. He was hounded day and night for an explanation. They even accused him of dabbling in witchcraft.

Jim was as puzzled as everybody else. He checked and double-checked the chemicals in his elixir, but could find nothing wrong. World opinion soon labelled him a fake and even a murderer. They insisted that the other scientists would never come to life again. He had murdered them with his bogus elixir. An angry outcry called for the execution of Jim Hardwicke.

Jim was frightened and sick. Sick at the thought that the very people who had worshipped him just a few days before were now screaming for his death. His few loyal friends begged him to go into protective custody till the whole thing had died down.

He was taken in as a guest at the Burtol Maximum Security Prison. A twenty-four-hour watch kept all suspicious people at a safe distance. Jim seemed secure, but, twenty-two hours after Jim had been admitted into the prison, he vanished.

99999999999999999999999

No one on Earth knew where he was, and Jim himself had no idea of his whereabouts when he awoke in a half-lit bare room—and found the missing scientist's body beside him. "Could this be the place they call heaven?" he wondered. If it was it didn't look anything like he had imagined. "Perhaps I've landed up in the other place?" His second thought was nearer the mark as he was soon to discover.

A door opened slowly letting in a shaft of bright sunlight that caused his eyes to wince. "Who's there?" he asked in a voice weak with fear. "Who is it?" The reply came swiftly with the sight of a visitor at the door silhouetted against the sunlight—a Dalek. Jim's heart seemed to freeze within him. He realised he was on Skaro.

The Daleks treated him surprisingly well. They fed him, gave him new clothes, and attended to his needs as though he were an honoured guest. But none would answer his persistent questions: "Why am I here? What do you want with me?"

Two days later he was ushered into the Operations Room of the Supreme Dalek. The room, full of gadgets, screens and various mechanisms all controlled by a magnificently designed switchboard, was something for Jim to marvel at. The Supreme Dalek told him to sit down. "No doubt you are wondering, Mr. Hardwicke, why you are with us, and, in



"Who's there?" he asked in a voice weak with fear. The reply came quickly: a Dalek loomed in the doorway.



The Earthlings suddenly awoke from their artificial sleep and overpowered the Daleks by sheer weight of numbers.

fact, how you and the missing body came here?" Jim nodded. "I shall tell you. We on Skaro have been searching for a life-extending elixir such as yours for many many years. We have discovered a simple form of it and it was that which we used to get past the guards at Burtol Prison and the Mausoleum. It put the guards to sleep for five minutes after which they awoke refreshed and without realising they'd dozed off. During those five minutes my Daleks carried out the kidnapping."

"If you already have a form of my elixir," asked Jim, "why did you need me? Can't you develop it yourselves? And anyway, what use is it to you? It only works on human beings."

"Exactly, Mr. Hardwicke. It is human beings we want it for."

Jim, puzzled by the remark, listened as the Supreme Dalek gave the reasons for his own kidnapping. "Certainly our Skaro scientists would be able to develop the elixir in time, but we Daleks brought you here to save that time. You will provide us with the finished formula for the elixir."

"My elixir was invented for the benefit of humanity," said Jim. "It was to put ageing men to sleep for forty years. Do you want it for the same purpose?"

"More or less. We want to put ageing men to sleep. Also young men, middle-aged men, in fact the whole population of Earth. And whilst they are asleep we shall invade the planet and take over. When they awake they shall find themselves slaves of the Daleks."

Jim felt sick to his stomach. The elixir he had so long struggled to perfect to preserve the human race was now to be used as a weapon for their destruction.

Dalek mathematicians had calculated that it would need one million three hundred and forty thousand six hundred and nine gallons of elixir to put out Earth's four thousand million population. It would be sprayed down on Earth like a cloud and remain stationary, covering its entire surface in twenty-four hours. Jim's task would be to produce that vast amount of elixir in the shortest possible time. Through the sightscreen he was shown a Dalek invasion force ready to set off at the word of command—a light force without any form of heavy attack armour. This was to be an easy bloodless invasion...they would just fly in and take over.

Jim's first reaction was to refuse to cooperate, but the more he thought about it, the more convinced he was that he had to obey the Daleks' commands. At least obey up to a point. For, if he didn't they would eventually do it themselves—after they had killed and silenced him. While he was still alive, there was a chance of sabotaging their efforts. How, he hadn't, as yet, any idea, but he felt that if he played along he might possibly find a way.

A mammoth-size factory was built for the project in accordance with his specifications. It hadn't needed to be this large, but he had made it so as a delaying tactic whilst he searched desperately for a sabotage plan.

He presented the Supreme Dalek with a list of the rare chemicals he would need for the elixir and the quantities required, but the chief component was one that, like radium, had to be extracted from an ore. Fortunately for the Daleks, the ore was in plentiful supply on Skaro, but it was slow processing the ore until all that was left was the residue of Megosil—the chemical Jim wanted.

And it was Megosil that provided his sabotage idea. He had noticed that the only commodity which the Daleks had rationed him was fuel. The melting process was using excessive amounts of fuel.

Skaro was abundant in minerals and many forms of vegetation, but she had no natural oils. All her oils had to be manufactured artificially from chemicals. Jim deliberately asked unnecessarily for some of these chemicals claiming he was trying a speeding up process.

The Daleks were impatient. He had been on the project two months and still not produced anything like the elixir quantity required for the Earth invasion. He blamed the poor quality of the Dalek ore which, he said, yielded a great deal less Megosil than its Earth equivalent. He also told them that his ration of oil meant he could not process the ore fast enough. Reluctantly the restless Supreme Dalek increased Jim's fuel ration. Twice, over the next month it had to be further increased. This, Jim knew, meant depleting the fuel reserves of the Dalek invasion fleet. The plan was starting to work.

Meanwhile, back on Earth the furore over Jim Hardwicke's disappearance had died down. People went about their business unaware of the new danger from far-off Skaro.

Jim stretched the Daleks' patience until he felt he had reached the limit and produced the amount of elixir they required. They tried it successfully on several captive humans. They were ready to invade.

The elixir was sprayed on Earth and within twenty-four hours Earth's entire population was asleep. The Dalek fleet set off. They had no fuel reserves for a return flight as Jim had used it all in the factory, but it seemed unnecessary as they would get as much fuel as they needed when they were masters of Earth.

Eight thousand Daleks landed and positioned themselves at vantage points on all the continents of Earth. These were to be the headquarters from which they would run the human slaves when they awoke in forty years' time. In those forty years they would be completely free to rob Earth of all her rich mineral and oil supplies and send them back to Skaro.



"My elixir was intended for the benefit of humanity,"

fim protested.

But Jim Hardwicke's far-sightedness began to change this Dalek ambition of conquest. The population of each continent began to awake from their sleep. First North America, then South America, then Australia and Africa, Asia, and finally Europe—the people arose from their dead sleep of only a few weeks and, by sheer weight of numbers, overpowered the unsuspecting Daleks. The Dalek dream turned into a nightmare. The invasion force was destroyed, and their spaceships kept as future counter-weapons against possible future invasion attempts by Daleks.

On Skaro, the Supreme Dalek was helpless. The long-planned Earth take-over had failed. They had been tricked. It was obvious, for the captive humans on Skaro had also awoken from their elixir sleep.

The so-called 40-year elixir Jim had made was clearly a weakened version—only strong enough to keep a man asleep for weeks. Had the Daleks waited a little longer before invading they would have realised this. Jim had played on their impatience. He had deliberately advised them to wait, knowing full well that they would ignore the advice. It wasn't so much Jim, as their own impatience, that had beaten them.

The Supreme Dalek ordered Jim to manufacture new supplies—which would be tested first by Skaro's scientists. The plan could still succeed, but once more Jim defeated them. He had made just enough of the real elixir to put himself into a 40-year death. The Daleks would have to wait forty years to try again—or to punish him, and, perhaps, thought Jim, Earth would be ready, or, perhaps, even the Supreme Dalek might not last that long. . . .

MYSTERY MESSAGE FROM SPACE

WHEN THE STAFF OF A SECRET SPACE COMMUNICATIONS CENTRE ARRIVED FOR WORK ONE MORNING, THEY FOUND THAT THE AUTOMATIC TRANSCRIBING MACHINE HAD PRINTED A LIST OF WORDS DURING THE NIGHT. BY CHECKING THE RECORDING SYSTEM THEY WERE ABLE TO DISCOVER THAT THE MESSAGE HAD BEEN TRANSMITTED FROM THE PLANET 'ETHOS', BUT TRY AS THEY MIGHT, THEY COULD MAKE NO SENSE WHATEVER OF THE LIST. CAPTAIN MARCUS, HEAD OF THE STATION, IMMEDIATELY CONTACTED S.S.S. HEADQUARTERS. HERE, THE CIPHER SECTION WENT TO WORK AND QUICKLY DISCOVERED THAT THE SEEMINGLY MEANINGLESS LIST OF WORDS CONTAINED ONE OF THE MOST VITAL MESSAGES EVER TO TRAVEL THROUGH SPACE. BELOW IS AN EXACT REPRODUCTION OF THE LIST.

DANCERS. CABBAGE. WILLIAM. GREEK. SPARKING. SUMMER.

APARTMENT. TARGET. TREE. CLAPPING. AVENGER. PRIDE. BRIDGE.

CHANGE. FLING. IMPOSSIBLE. ANOTHER. HOVER. CHEAT. GREASED.

ILLNESS. COLONY. PANTECHNICON. CHAFF. STEEL. ENGINEER. DEATH.

SETTLE. BROOM. CHIEF. OUTWARD. AVERAGE. PREPARE. CHART.

AVERT. WORRY. CONSIDER. SETTING. EITHER. IMPROVE. UNLESS.

ASTERISK. BLAME. CHANNEL. BLOOD. SUNSET. SHADOWS. DRINK.

SUPPLY. BLOWS. WINTER. FINISH. GALLANT. TALLEST. PROTAGONIST.

TERROR. ATTITUDE. TRAINING. STICK. STARK. EVENTUAL. VANTAGE.

PARTNER. FRETSAW. CLASH. OPERATION. ONION. GRAIN. STRUGGLE.

BRING. UNIVERSAL. ESTIMATED. BATTLE. SHEEP. PARKING. GRAZING.

THOUGHT. PATERNAL. EACH.

CAN YOU DECIPHER THE VITAL MESSAGE CONTAINED IN THE LIST?
A CLUE THAT MIGHT HELP YOU IS THAT EVERY WORD CONTAINS
ONE LETTER OF THE MESSAGE. THE VITAL CODE NUMBER IS '5'. IN
EVERY FIVE WORDS, THERE ARE FIVE LETTERS OF THE MESSAGE.
(ONE LETTER IN EACH WORD) SEE IF YOU CAN SOLVE IT . . . IT'S
DIFFICULT, BUT DON'T GIVE IN TOO EASILY. IF YOU WANT A LITTLE
MORE HELP, TURN TO THE NEXT PAGE AND SEE EXACTLY HOW THE
CODE SECTION OF S.S.S. SOLVED THE PROBLEM.

47

MYSTERY MESSAGE FROM SPACE (contd.)

BELOW YOU WILL SEE THE OFFICIAL S.S.S. CIPHER FORM. THE FIRST THING THE CIPHER EXPERTS DID WAS TO PUT A LINE BETWEEN EVERY FIVE WORDS, THUS:

DANCERS, CABBAGE, WILLIAM, GREEK, SPARKING, SUMMER, APARTMENT, TARGET, TREE, CLAPPING. / AVENGER, PRIDE, BRIDGE, CHANGE, FLING. /

-AND SO ON RIGHT THROUGH THE LIST WHEN THIS WAS DONE, THEY NEXT UNDER-LINED CERTAIN LETTERS IN EACH GROUP OF FIVE WORDS. THE FIRST LETTER OF THE FIRST WORD, SECOND LETTER OF THE SECOND, THIRD OF THE THIRD WORD AND SO ON UP TO THE FIFTH LETTER OF THE FIFTH WORD. THEN, STARTING THE NEXT GROUP OF FIVE WORDS, THEY WOULD START AGAIN AT LETTER ONE THIS IS WHAT THE CIPHER FORM LOOKED LIKE WHEN THE MESSAGE WAS DECODED.

S.S.S. CIPHER DEPARTMENT

FORM 334 ADS 46.

DATE JULY 4th TIME MESSAGE RECEIVED SOURCE OF MESSAGE

SPACE COMMUNICATION CENTRE "Z"

CIPHER OPERATIVE'S NAME & RANK

J. G. MEKAY (LT.-COL.)

MESSAGE:

DANCERS. CABBAGE. WILLIAM. GREEK. SPARKING. / SUMMER. APARTMENT. TARGET, TREE, CLAPPING, / AVENGER, PRIDE, BRIDGE, CHANGE, FLING, / IMPOSSIBLE, ANOTHER, HOVER, CHEAT, GREASED, ILLNESS, COLONY, PANTECHNICON. CHAFF. STEEL. / ENGINEER. DEATH. SETTLE. BROOM. CHIEF. / OUTWARD. AVERAGE. PREPARE. CHART. AVERT. / WORRY. CONSIDER, SETTING, EITHER, IMPROVE, / UNLESS, ASTERISK, BLAME. CHANNEL, BLOOD. / SUNSET. SHADOWS, DRINK, SUPPLY, BLOWS. / WINTER. FINISH, GALLANT. TALLEST. PROTAGONIST. / TERROR. ATTITUDE, TRAINING, STICK, STARK, / EVENTUAL, VANTAGE, PARTNER. FRETSAW. CLASH. / OPERATION. ONION. GRAIN. STRUGGLE. BRING. / UNIVERSAL, ESTIMATE, BATTLE, SHEEP, PARKING, / GRAZING, THOUGHT. PATERNAL, EACH.

THE UNDERLINED LETTERS TO BE LISTED BELOW: DALEKSPREPARINGINVASIONFLEETOFOVERTWOTHOUSANDSHIPSWILLATTACKEARTHON AUGUSTEIGHTH.

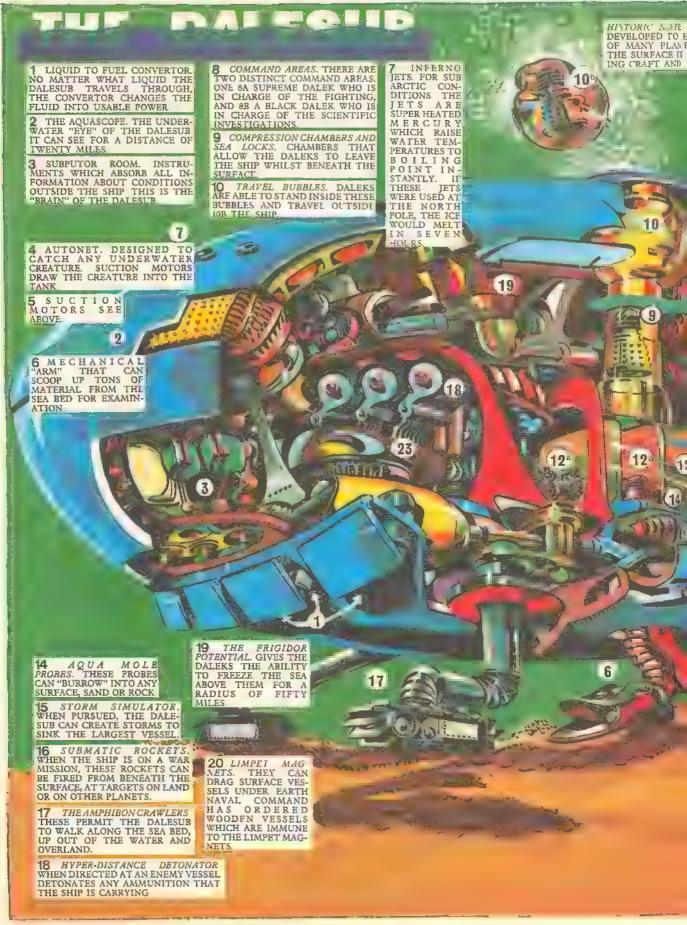
DECODED MESSAGE. DALEKS PREPARING INVASION FLEET OF OVER TWO THOUSAND SHIPS. WILL ATTACK EARTH ON AUGUST EIGHTH. (END OF FORM)

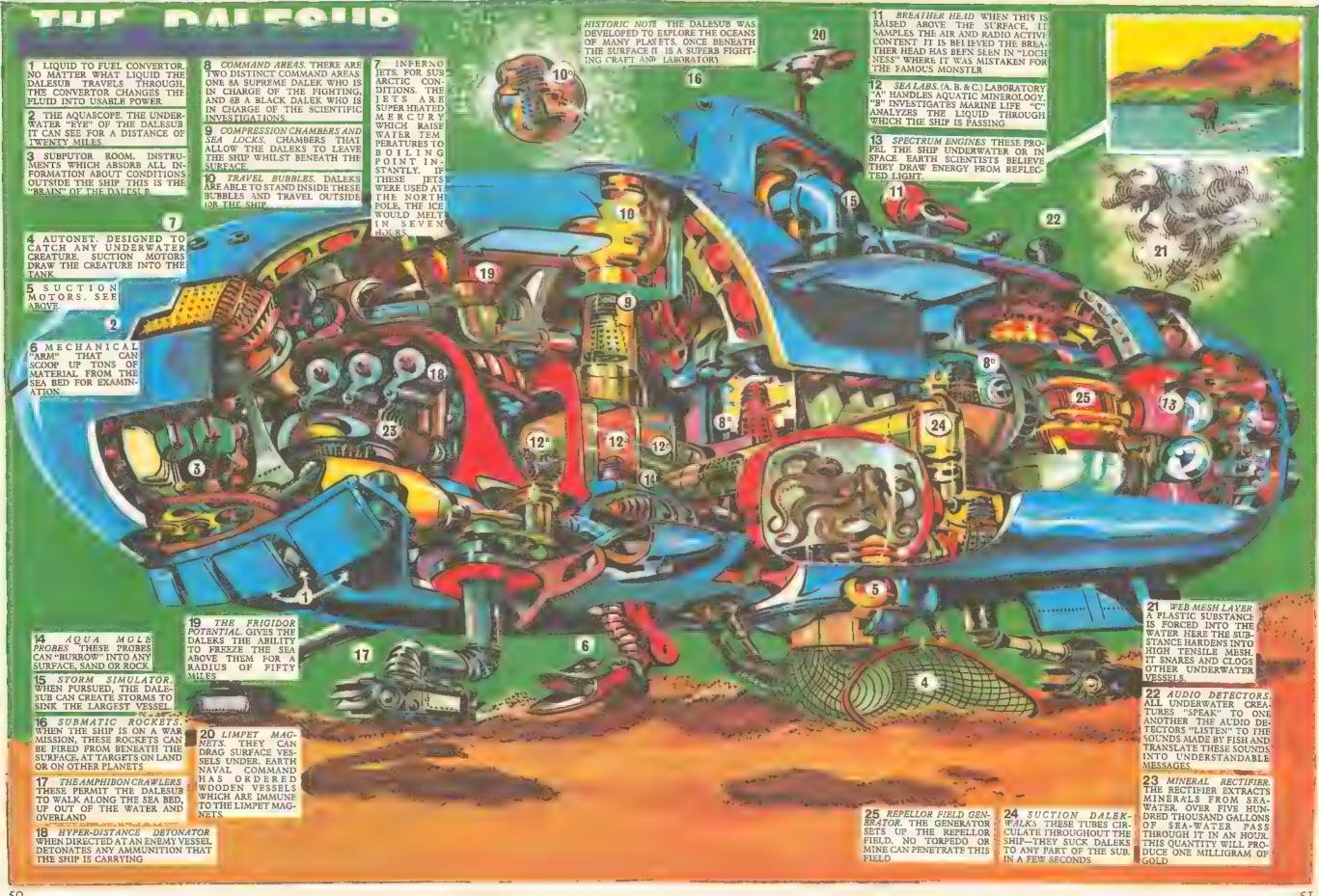
NOTE: S.S.S. WERE ABLE TO ACT ON THIS MESSAGE, AND AGENTS WERE ABLE TO DESTROY MUCH OF THE DALEK FLEET BEFORE IT WAS READY TO GO INTO ACTION. IT WAS LEARNED LATER, THAT THE AGENT WHO TRANSMITTED THIS MESSAGE FROM THE PLANET ETHOS WAS KILLED BY THE DALEKS ONLY MINUTES AFTER HE HAD SENT THE CODED WARNING.

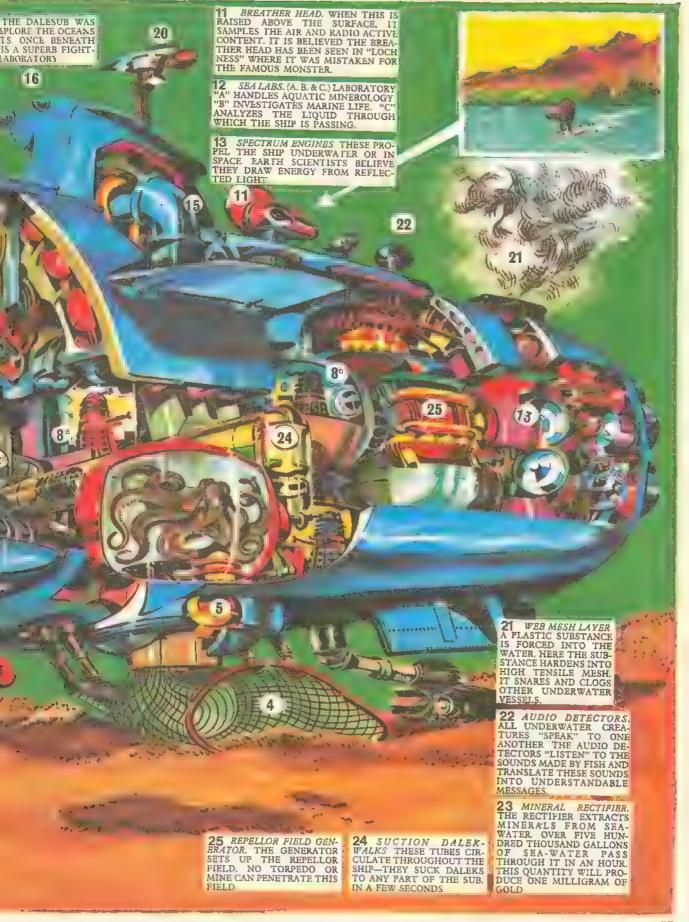






















NOTE - THE REBUILT EMPEROR WILL BE GREATER THAN EVER AND EARTH SCIENTISTS AND SPACE COMMANDERS EXPECT NEW FORMS OF DALEK TERROR.

EARTH HAS BEEN WARNED!

THE EVOLUTION OF THE PLANET SKARO

A CHART TRACING THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE DALEK PLANET FROM THE BEGINNING OF TIME

The Year Zero

THE BEGINNING

The Year Eight Million

THE SILETARIAN AGE

The Year Twenty Million

THE PLANISTAVIAN AGE

The Year Sixty Million

THE THALISTUNIAN AGE

The Year One Hundred Million

THE SPARASUNIAN AGE

The Year Zero (New Skaro Calendar)

THE AGE OF UNREASON

The Year One Thousand Six Hundred

THE YEAR OF THE DALEK

The Year One Million

IWO GALAXIES COLLIDE. A COSMIC EXPLOSION. MATTER IN THE FORM OF SWIRLING BURNING GASES FILL THE ATMOSPHERE. THEY BEGIN TO COOL TO SOLIDIFY. BY THE 'END OF THE BEGINNING' THERE WAS A BARREN WHITE-HOT PLANET, DEVOID OF LIFE.

THE GREAT RAINS WASHED DOWN ON THE UNIVERSE'S NEWEST PLANET, IT WAS ENVELOPED IN STEAM. AS IT COOLED, THE RIVERS, LAKES AND SEAS FORMED. THE VERY FIRST PRIMITIVE VEGETABLE LIFE CAME INTO BEING A LICHEN THAT COVERED THE LAND WITH A BLOOD-RED COLOUR

IN THE HOT MUD OF THE PRIMEVAL SWAMPS, NOW THICK WITH VEGETATION, WERE DEVELOPING LIFE FORMS. ONE-CELL CREATURES. THEY CHANGED IN SHAPE AND FORM AND, FINALLY, A TINY SNAKE-LIKE, REPTILE CRAWLED OUT ONTO DRY LAND. THE AGE OF THE REPTILES HAD BEGUN.

THIS IS ALSO KNOWN AS THE AGE OF THE MONSTERS, HUNDREDS OF VAST CREATURES OF DIFFERENT SPECIES. FIGHTING AND KILLING FOR FOOD IN THE TERRIBLE JUNGLES. ANOTHER SPECIES WAS ALSO DEVELOPING. WEAKER, SMALLER THAN THE OTHERS. THIS WAS 'MAN'.

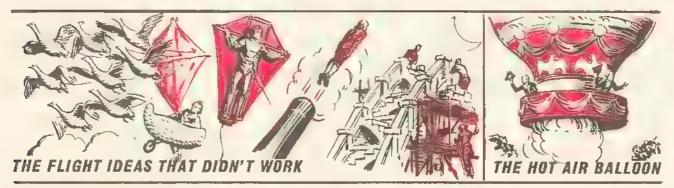
WHILST THE MIGHTY REPTILES BECAME EXTINCT, MAN CONTINUED TO GROW AND PROSPER. THEY TILLED THE LAND, BUILT HOUSES. FOUGHT AMONGST THEMSELVES. THE TRIBES SPLIT INTO DIFFERENT GROUPS—THE WARS BECAME FIERCER THE WEAPONS BECAME MORE INGENIOUS.

THE THOUSAND YEARS WAR STARTED ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE NEW CALENDAR. A BITTER, DESPERATE STRUGGLE, THE WAR ENDED WITH THE MIGHTY EXPLOSION OF A HYDROGEN BOMB. ONLY A HANDFUL SURVIVED. BEATEN AND DISPIRITED, THE THALS WANDERED THE FACE OF THE PLANET, MUTATING FROM THE EFFECTS OF RADIATION. THE OTHER TRIBE STILL DEVELOPED

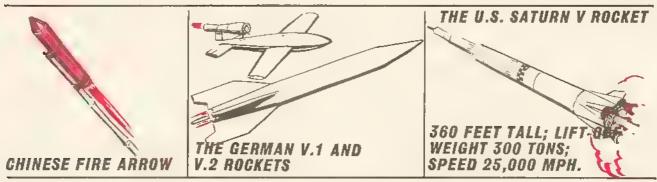
THE DALEK. AFTER MILLIONS OF YEARS, SKARO PRODUCED THE ULTIMATE FIGHTING CREATURE RUTHLESS, MERCILESS, THE DALEK—DETERMINED TO CONQUER THE UNIVERSE.

MAN IN SPACE

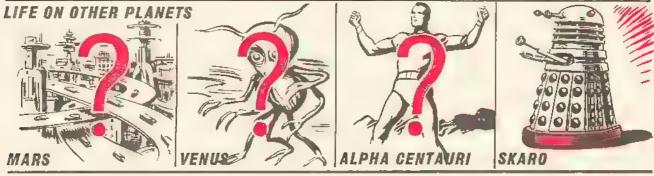
IN THE BEGINNING: Man tried to imitate the flight of the birds. Greek mythology tells us the story of Icarus, who with his father Daedalus, flew into the heavens on wings made of feathers and wax. Icarus flew too near the sun. The wax melted and he fell into the sea and was drowned. Though this is a legend, many men did attempt to fly with wings strapped to their arms. Perhaps it is not surprising that the casualty rate at this period was very high.



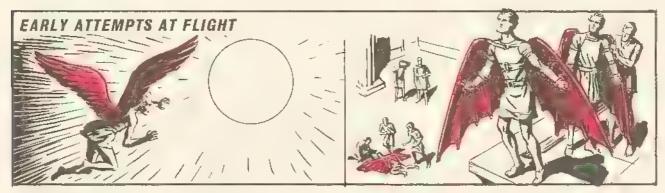
THE GREAT LEAP FORWARD: Many men in many countries were now working on the principle of powered flight. But the honour of making the first flight fell to the American brothers Wilbur and Orville Wright. On the 17th of December 1903 they made the first sustained and controlled powered flight, at Kittyhawk, North Carolina, U.S.A. Aviation now made great strides. Bleriot flew across the Channel. Alcook and Brown, the British aviators flew the Atlantic. Planes became faster and safer. Then came another major development. Sir Frank Whittle invented the jet engine. Today huge aircraft can transport passengers anywhere in the world in a matter of hours. We've come a long way since Icarus and his waxed wings.



SPACE TODAY: Russia and the United States are battling for the honours to be gained in space. Perhaps the winner will be the first country to land a man on the moon. Already our Earth is being circled by man-made satellites. An unmanned capsule has made a soft landing on the moon. Man has walked in space. Within the next few years, radio and T.V. will flash the exciting news around the world "Man has landed on the Moon". The dream of those who, thousands of years ago, sought a path to the stars will have come true.



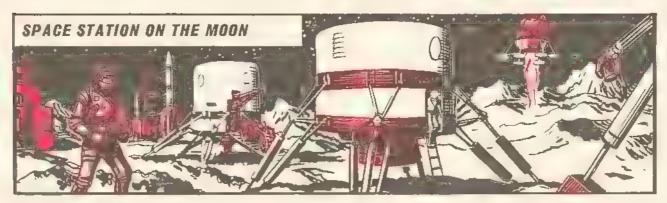
A short history of man's attempts to reach out into space and explore the universe. A history that began when the first primitive man looked up at the stars and tried to find a way to get to them.



THE SECOND STAGE: In the centuries that followed, little progress was made. Between the years 1486 and 1514, a genius named Leonardo da Vinci made practical designs for a helicopter, a glider and a parachute. Others without his genius proposed many other wild ideas. They included: man-lifting kites, ships pulled through the air by a thousand geese, firing space travellers by cannon, and, perhaps the wildest scheme of all, building a wooden bridge to the moon. However, on November 21st, 1783, two Frenchmen made the first real flight. They travelled $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles over Paris in a balloon made from paper and linen and filled with hot air from a straw fire. The first faltering sten into space had been taken.



THE EARLY ROCKETS: As a form of transport, the rocket was much neglected until recent years. However, it is by no means a new invention. In the thirteenth century the Chinese terrified the Mongol invaders with "fire arrows". In 1814 the British Army used rockets to attack Fort McHenry in the American war of independence. No Londoners, who lived through those times will ever forget the terrible V.I and V.2 attacks launched by Hitler in the last war. But it was these very rockets that became the prototypes for the spacecraft that we are building today.



SPACE TOMORROW: Reaching the moon is only a tiny stepping stone in the vast ocean of space. Some idea of the distances involved can be gained by considering the journey to Alpha Centauri. A rocket travelling at 50,000 m.p.h. would take 200,000 years to reach its destination. Mars is 35 million miles away: Venus 25 million. The problems involved in reaching them are immense, but reach them we will. Perhaps you will be one of the adventurers who will seek out the mysteries of the dark corners of our universe. And what will you find? That is the biggest question mark of all.





















THE UNWILLIGGE TRAVELLER

THE RESULTS OF A NEW TECHNICAL KNOWLEDGE ENABLED ENGINEERS TO BUILD A TIME MACHINE. ITS EXISTENCE WAS A WELL KEPT SECRET UNTIL JOHNNY PHILPOT, A BURGLAR, BROKE INTO THE SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH STATION AND GOT INTO IT TO HIDE FROM THE NIGHTWATCHMAN

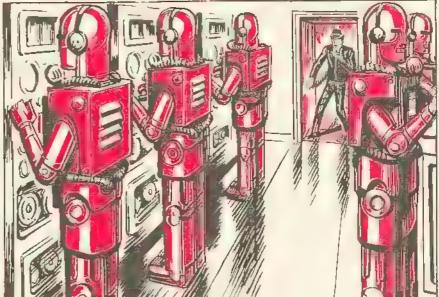














... THE Automatons were so fascinated by their new find that they just wouldn't leave it alone. For over an hour Johnny was forced to put up with their pushing, prodding as they tested his reactions. He felt like a toy in the hands of a destructive child.

After a while it all stopped, which was a relief as his skin had become tender and sore. But the pain was secondary. His mind was too full of thoughts of getting away from the Automatons.

He desperately searched for any possible escape, but there was none, and even if he were able to free himself from the huge microscopic slide, where would he run to? His surroundings were unfamiliar. He was in another age . . . another time. He had never been more frightened in his life.

A robot carried in a mechanical device that looked somewhat like a large metal octopus. It had eight arms, each fitted with a clamp at the end of it. One by one the arms were clamped onto the bare skin of Johnny's limbs and three places on his abdomen.

A robot threw a switch and immediately Johnny's body began to move jerkily as electric impulses shot through the clamps into him. He had no choice but to react to them with a series of involuntary movements. Without any control over himself, he was doing some sort of primitive dance.

Johnny had the impression that the Automatons were greatly intrigued by this for they kept varying the shocks to keep the dance changing. After what seemed more like an eternity, he could take no more and fainted.

He regained consciousness to find himself imprisoned in a perspex cage. Around the cage were twelve automatons staring at him as one does a freak at a circus. Indeed, he felt like a freak, being so different from them.

He had no idea how long he had been unconscious, but the pains from the electric shocks had eased away. In their place he was aware of a different discomfort—acute hunger. His throat was parched, too.

The Automatons were now aware that Johnny had regained his senses and crowded closer to study his movements. At a signal from one of the Automatons, the pincer arm dropped into the perspex cage and lifted Johnny out suspending him in mid-air. The Automatons closed in and seemed to stroke him. Though he found it hard to believe at first, Johnny had to accept the fact they were trying to be nice to him. With tears of relief streaming down his cheeks, he begged: "Food, please. Please give me some food!"

The head Automaton nodded and gave the order for Johnny to be fed. He could hardly contain his happiness.

The pincer arm rested him down on a table and he waited patiently for the promised food. A glimmer of hope had come back into his life. He was happier than he had been for some time. Until...he saw the robot returning with the octopus-like machine. He lay terrified as the arms were clamped onto him. As he waited helplessly for the shocks to begin, he realised what was happening. In the age of automation, food as he had known it, no longer existed. The Automatons and robots were fed by having their mechanisms electrically recharged. They were feeding Johnny the only way they knew.

But time was on Johnny's side. The effect of the time machine lasted just twenty-four hours, and it was exactly that length of time since it had all started.

He found himself back in the time machine at the laboratory. It was again night-time and the nightwatchman on his rounds heard a sound as Johnny moved in the time machine. He opened the door and the bright beam of his torch caught Johnny full in the face. "'Ere, what are you doing in 'ere?" bellowed the nightwatchman. "Come on out. I'm gonna call the police!"

For a second Johnny stood there. Then he decided to run for it. He tried to pass the watchman, but his path was blocked. The watchman hit at Johnny with the heavy torch and, as Johnny backed to avoid the blow, he inadvertently switched the time machine on —this time into the past...



The caveman grabbed his son up in his arms and ran with him into the cave. Johnny was alone to face the monster. It loomed over him, its huge figure silhouetted against the bright sky.

Like a bird of prey its head swooped down in an attempt to grab the hapless Johnny in its jaws. Johnny weaved and bobbed his way in and out of the boulders, narrowly missing death by fractions of an inch. For a full terrifying minute the chase continued, but there was no hiding from the monster as it gazed down from a height of twenty feet, ready for each swoop.

It was not only savage but cunning, too. It led him into a trap. It got him between two boulders then started to swoop from the left, and then switched to the right. As Johnny followed its course and changed his direction, he fell and lay at the complete mercy of the monster.

But even with a strained ankle he pulled himself painfully to his feet and staggered, with what speed he could gather, to the nearest boulder.

A huge object suddenly descended to block his path. It was a foot of the monster.

To the monster, this was a game like a cat might play with a mouse before devouring it. And it was a game the monster was enjoying. It bellowed and squawked gleefully each time Johnny's escape routes led to dead ends.

Finally, it stopped playing and Johnny felt instinctively that this was the moment.

He grabbed a broken tree branch to defend himself. An inadequate small piece of wood.

Monster and human stared at each other, eye to eye for some time. The beast's eyes seemed to be laughing at Johnny, saying, "This is it, my friend. It's time for my lunch!" Johnny steeled himself.

The monster pounced and Johnny blacked out.

Hours later he awoke shivering in the cold. He was still in the spot where he had fainted. But beside him lay the monster—dead.

A chill of horror ran down Johnny's spine as suddenly the monster's stomach moved.

He thought it was still alive, but he sighed as he saw the figure of the caveman's son emerge from under the stomach. He had come out from the cave to find his father.

Johnny sensed what the young boy was looking for and staggered over, his ankle still painful, to comfort him. They were no more than inches from each other when a six-inch sharp-edged stone sped between them crashing into a rock a few feet behind them. They turned, and standing on the dead monster's back was the caveman, slingshot in hand.

It was obvious what had happened. The caveman had killed the monster with his slingshot, saving Johnny's life by seconds. Whether it was in gratitude for diverting the monster's attention from the boy, or for the caveman's own protection, Johnny didn't know. Nor did he care. He was just grateful it had happened and was happy not to look a gift horse in the mouth. But now the caveman did not trust Johnny.

The caveman stared at Johnny, then loaded his slingshot threateningly. There was no choice but to move, and Johnny did so. As fast as his lame leg would carry him, he raced across a field to a tree blazing with ripe red berries. Then the hunger he had been too occupied to remember gripped him again. He grabbed branch after branch and stripped them of berries, throwing them into his mouth to satisfy his hunger and thirst. Soon he doubled up in pain, clutching his stomach. He had eaten the dreaded potsie berries. While not fatal, they were extremely harmful to children and at least painful to adults.

As he lay there in agony, almost wishing they had been fatal, he suddenly found himself back in the time machine in the laboratory. His twenty-four hours in the Stone Age had ended.

The nightwatchman grabbed Johnny this time and held him for the police. He made no attempt to run. He had suffered enough in the two days to put an end to ideas of escape. And also, he vowed from then on, to end his life of crime. He was sent to jail, but "doing time" in prison was safer than spending time in that time machine.



































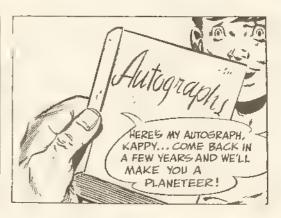


































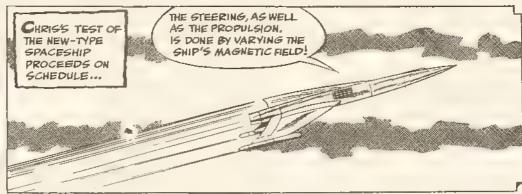






















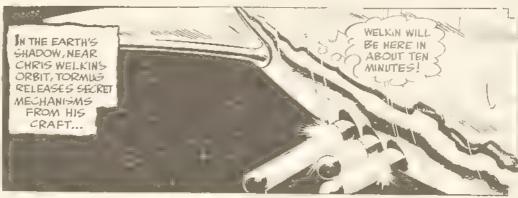
While KAPPY TELLS OF HELPING AN ESPIONAGE RING, TORMUG WAITS IN THE CARKNESS OF THE EARTH'S SHADOW FOR WELKIN'S SHIP...

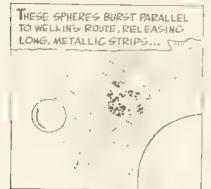










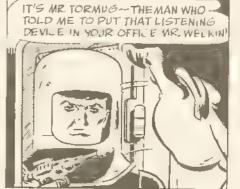




































AS CHRIS DIVES FOR TORMUG'S PISTOL, THE OUTLAW SPACEMAN HURLS HIS KNIFE.





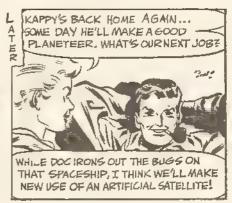


SHIP -- OPERATES THE KNIFE-









SPACE APTITUDE TEST

SPECIALLY COMPILED BY S.S.S. INTELLIGENCE SECTION

THIS SERIES OF ACTUAL SPACE PROBLEMS HAVE BEEN TAKEN FROM THE FILES OF S S S. THEY ARE DESIGNED TO TEST THE INGENUITY OF RECRUITS TO THE SERVICE. YOU WILL FIND THE SOLUTIONS TO THE TESTS ON THE NEXT PAGE.



ON THE MOUNTAINOUS PLANET CIRIUS, THERE IS ONLY ONE AREA FLAT ENOUGH TO PROVIDE A ROCKET LANDING BASE. FOUR SPACE POWERS, EARTH, MARS, JUPITER & VENUS WERE READY TO GO TO WAR WITH ONE ANOTHER OVER THE MATTER, UNTIL AN S.S.S. AGENT SUGGESTED DIVIDING IT EQUALLY INTO FOUR PARTS. THE ONLY PROBLEM THAT REMAINED WAS 'HOW'? CAN YOU DIVIDE THE CIRIUS ROCKET LANDING ZONE INTO FOUR EXACTLY SIMILAR SECTIONS?

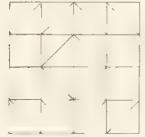
THIS IS AN S.S.S. ROCKET PILOT NAVIGATION TEST. STARTING FROM EARTH, THE PILOT MUST TAKE HIS SHIP OVER EVERY LINE AND EVENTUALLY REACH THE MOON HE MUST NOT GO OVER ANY LINE TWICE. YOU CAN TRY THIS BY TRACING THE ROUTE WITH A PENCIL. YOU ARE ALLOWED THREE ATTEMPTS. BUT REMEMBER, DO NOT GO OVER THE SAME LINE MORE THAN ONCE.

S.S.S. AGENT SARA KINGDOM WAS ALONE ON THE PLANET MIROS. HER ONLY COMPANION A LARGE SAVAGE DOG CALLED BRUNO. FOOD HAD BECOME DESPERATELY SHORT SO SHE DECIDED TO FLY HER ONE-MAN SHIP TO A NEARBY PLANET IN THE HOPE OF FINDING NEW SUPPLIES. SHE TOOK BRUNO WITH HER. SHE WAS LUCKY. SHE FOUND A BASKET OF GRAIN LEFT BY AN EARLIER EXPEDITION, AND ALSO CAUGHT A LARGE WILD TURKEY. NOW HER PROBLEM WAS THAT HER ROCKETSHIP WAS ONLY LARGE ENOUGH TO CARRY ONE OF THESE THINGS AT A TIME. IF BRUNO WAS LEFT WITH THE TURKEY, HE WAS SURE TO EAT HER. IF THE TURKEY WAS LEFT WITH THE GRAIN, IT WOULD EAT THAT. HOW DID SARA TRANSPORT ALL THREE BACK TO BASE IN SAFETY?

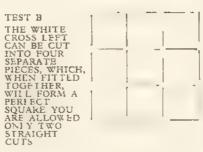
DEAD RECKONING EYE-MEASUREMENT TEST.

FREQUENTLY, WHEN THERE IS AN INSTRUMENT
FAILURE ON BOARD A ROCKET SHIP THE PILOT HAS
TO RELY ON HIS VISUAL JUDGEMENT OF A
SITUATION. LOOK AT THE FIGURES ON THE LEFT.
WHICH SQUARE IS LARGER? IS IT THE WHITE
SQUARE IN THE CENTRE OF THE LARGE DARK
SQUARE, OR IS IT THE WHITE SQUARE WITH THE
NARROW BORDER?

I HE FINAL 3 TESTS HAVE BEEN DEVISED FOR SSS AGENTS WHO HAVE NO PROOF OF THEIR IDENTIFICATION. THE 3 TESTS ARE PUT TO ANYONE WHO CLAIMS TO BE AN SSS. AGENT THE GENUINE AGENT CAN SOLVE THEM IN A MATTER OF SECONDS. A TRAITOR OR IMPOSTOR FINDS IT MORE DIFFICULT AND THEREBY GIVES HIMSELF AWAY. CAN YOU SOLVE THEM?

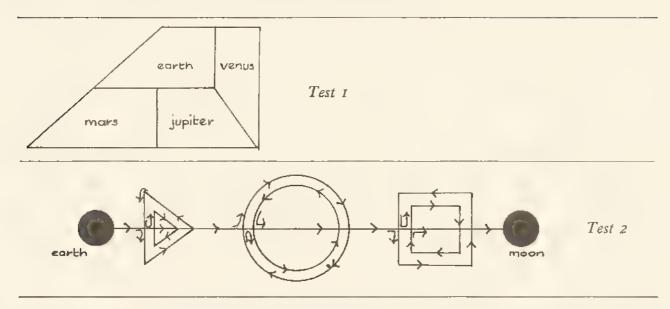


TEST A.
IN THE DIAGRAM LEFT
THERE ARE A
GOOD MANY
SQLARES CAN
YOU DISCOVER
EXACTLY HOW
MANY



TEST C.
TAKE A PIECE
OF PAPER AND
DRAW THIS
FIGURE IN
PENCII NOW
RUB OUT
EIGHT SINGLE
LINES, AND
LEAVE ONLY
TWO SQUARES.
CAN YOU DO
IT?

SOLUTION TO S.S.S. APTITUDE TESTS



Test 3

SARA FIRST TOOK THE TURKEY BACK TO BASE, LEAVING BRUNO WITH THE GRAIN. SHE THEN RETURNED AND COLLECTED THE GRAIN. ON REACHING BASE SHE UNLOADED THE GRAIN, PUT THE TURKEY BACK IN THE SHIP AND RETURNED TO THE OTHER PLANET. THIS TIME, SHE LEFT THE TURKEY BEHIND AND TOOK BRUNO BACK TO BASE. HER FINAL JOURNEY WAS TO COLLECT THE TURKEY. ALL THREE ITEMS HAD BEEN TRANSPORTED SAFELY.

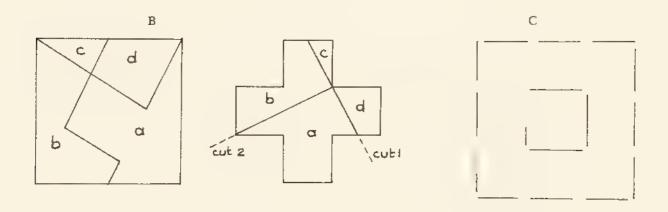
Test 4

THE TWO WHITE SQUARES ARE OF EXACTLY THE SAME SIZE. THE BLACK OUTER FRAME CREATES AN OPTICAL ILLUSION WHICH MUST BE STRONGLY GUARDED AGAINST IN SPACE.

Test 5

Α

THERE ARE SIXTEEN SMALL SQUARES AND NINE LARGER ONES, EACH ONE OF WHICH IS COMPOSED OF FOUR SMALL SQUARES. THEN THERE ARE FOUR SQUARES, EACH ONE OF WHICH IS COMPOSED OF NINE SMALL SQUARES THEN THERE IS THE DIAMOND-SHAPED SQUARE AT THE CENTRE, AND THE SINGLE LARGE SQUARE THAT ENCLOSES THE WHOLE FIGURE, THAT MAKES 31 SQUARES IN ALL.





HE Dalek data processing machine is huge. It covers an area a hundred yards square and is fed daily with facts from all parts of the universe. Minute information that would normally pass unnoticed, is recorded by this machine with the super-electronic brain. Its facts go back to events in history from as early as the 1900's.

Scores of Daleks continually search through this mass of mostly useless information in the hope of finding something such as the unexplained death of a diamond miner in Africa in the year of 1960. Mysteries, they knew, often held clues to surprising discoveries.

According to the details, Harry Longhurst, diamond miner, was found dead near the mouth of a mine. He'd apparantly been badly clawed by some unidentified animal. The following day six men went into the mine to destroy the beast, but could find no trace of it. However, they all claimed to have had the

hallucination of seeing the interior of the mine revolving round and round about a hundred feet ahead of them. None stayed long enough to investigate this strange phenomena. They became giddy and staggered out of the mine feeling sick.

It was two months before scientists could delve into the cause of this hallucination, but, by then, all was quiet and normal. The walls didn't revolve, and the animal was never found. The secret of the mine was buried with Harry Longhurst.

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But since those early years, Dalek scientists had gained more and more knowledge and were determined to attempt to explain the unexplained. This particular case intrigued them.

After months of discussion and research, they hit upon the clue that led to the explanation. Recorded also in the data processing machine, many hundreds of years later, was the case of a jeweller who was cutting a diamond. A chip that got into his eye not only badly damaged it, but until it was removed he claimed to see everything revolving and jumping about.

These symptoms of jumping and revolving, the Dalek scientists realised, were because he was seeing through that diamond chip—diamonds are prismatic. He was staring through what was virtually a prism which naturally distorts the view and makes the object one is staring at seem to move about oddly.

Luckily for the jeweller, the diamond chip was swiftly removed or he would have lost his eye, because diamonds are harder than metals and sharper than the most honed of blades.

That is why a more primitive form of diamond was used to cut glass, and also used as needles for things known in the twentieth century as "record players".

The Daleks reasoned that Harry Longhurst had probably not been clawed by any animals, but cut by flying diamond chips. A landslide in the shaft of the mine had sent up a cloud of diamond dust, invisible to the naked eye—a transparent cloud. However, being made of diamond particles, it was prismatic and could be seen through. This had been the cause of the so-called hallucinations suffered by the six men in the mine.

Interesting though the fact was, it might at first be thought to be a waste of the Daleks' time to have probed into it. They didn't consider it so. They were ever searching for new weapons, weapons with which to continue their quest of conquering the planets.

A diamond dust refined to the millionth degree seemed to be the very weapon they were searching for. It could cut through and destroy any object it touched. It also had the great advantage of being invisible at long range and had an hallucinatory effect at close range. Its victims wouldn't see it coming until it got to within a few hundred feet and then, if they looked through it, they would become so giddy they'd be too helpless to put up any resistance.

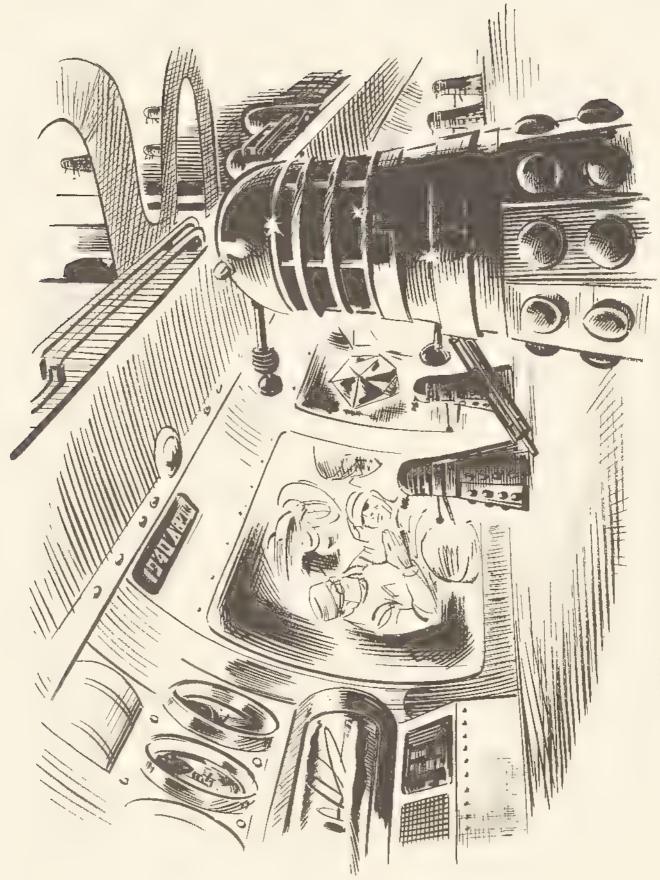
Dalek research scientists were complimented on their valuable find. A special-type factory was built to process the refined diamonds. Walls were built of mud and earth as the dust would have penetrated through metal, or brick or concrete. Skaro buzzed with the prospect of invasions of other planets. Earth was to be the first victim since she was the most powerful of the planets. The Daleks calculated that once Earth had been conquered, other great planets would lose morale and be easier conquests.

On Earth there was an uneasy peace. The Defence Forces were accustomed to irregular but frequent Dalek attacks on weapon ranges and similar strategic military bases. But, for a month there had not been a single attack. The suspicion was that the Daleks were saving themselves for a really big operation.

Rocketship Patrol Leader Jeff Stone was called in as the expert on espionage. He was instructed to try to make a landing on Skaro and glean any information he could of the Daleks' plans.

When Jeff approached Skaro he was surprised to see the added strength of their air defences. He spotted eight rocketships, almost in a cluster, suspended in mid-air. Elsewhere, the air was less thickly populated. It seemed as if the Daleks were concentrating their main defences at one spot. There was obviously something—some secret—they were determined no reconnaissance spaceship would get close enough to discover.

Jeff made a detour and landed on Skaro



A chip from a fractured dramond is extracted from a man's eye, and the Daleks watch intently.

where air defences were at a minimum. He guided his spaceship to land in a valley between twin mountain ranges. His next task was to establish communication with the Earth network of undercover spies posing as humanoids on the Dalek planet. Jeff fixed the wires of his auto-control signal device to give out a persistent bleep-bleep signal. All he now had to do was wait for any contact receiving the signal to trace his position and rendezvous with him. Vocal messages had been abandoned long ago because the Daleks had been able to locate them too fast and several Earth spies had been executed.

It took ten hours before Jeff heard the sound of something approaching. He gripped his ray gun ready for action in case it was a Dalek patrol. The tension relieved when he saw a human figure climbing down towards him. It was Mike Sharman, one of the best of the Earth spies. Jeff knew that if anyone had been able to learn what was afoot, Mike was the man. He wasn't disappointed.

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"There are no defences against this diamond dust," Mike added to the rest of the report he gave Jeff. "The Dalek fleet of spaceships will creep in behind it and, because of the prismatic effect, you won't be able to get a sight on them to shoot them down. I hate to say it, but I think they may really have us this time."

"From what you've told me, it certainly looks unhealthy," countered Jeff, "but we've got out of tight spots before."

"That's true," said Mike grimly. "But they've never been as tight as this one!"

On Earth, Jeff reported the grave facts to his superiors—the leaders of all Earth nations. Fear spread. Some said they would fight to the last breath even though they knew the odds were hopeless. Others wanted to appease the Daleks. "Offer them anything they want. Our riches. Our minerals. Everything

we have-only make them spare our lives!"

"You can't reason with a Dalek!" Jeff shouted. "They want complete conquest and will accept nothing less. There must be a way out."

How much time they had no one knew. Even the Daleks hadn't decided on the day of attack. Much depended on the weather. There had to be a wind blowing towards Earth so that the cloud of diamond dust could waft in the right direction, and accurate weather forecasts could only be done on a forty-eight hour basis.

Jeff was elected Chief of Defences, mainly because he was the only one who really believed there could be a defence, though he hadn't the vaguest idea what it would be. His first thought was to develop a missile weapon that would travel at such speed that it burst through the diamond dust cloud without being totally destroyed. After experimentation, Earth scientists managed to construct such a weapon. Hopes rose, but were soon dashed again. There was no way to accurately plot the position of the Dalek spaceships through the diamond cloud. A missile aimed at where a spaceship appeared to be, would, in fact, probably be hundreds of miles off target.

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All nations were pressing Jeff for a miracle answer. He just hadn't got one. And then it came—the only possible guard against the dreaded dust—earth!

All nations were ordered to dig tunnels beneath their big cities. Tunnels in which people could hide until the dust had cleared. It might succeed. It was worth the chance, and, anyway, it kept the people busy giving their minds less time to dwell on their fears.

Jeff constantly checked weather reports. The wind that the Daleks needed hadn't come. He was thankful for the extra time to think. Somewhere in the back of his mind he knew there was an even more effective answer.



Thousands of jets of wind shot from the shafts and not only dispersed the diamond dust cloud but blew it back on the Dalek fleet, which disintegrated. . . .

Meanwhile each nation had built tunnels with new super-speed burrowing equipment. In one city the tunnel was eight miles long. Jeff was called to inspect it. He looked at the tube-like tunnel stretching for this long distance and he remembered books he'd read of how underground trains used to travel along these type of tunnels two thousand years ago. That was way before the super monorail system.

The thought of the underground trains brought a smile to his previously taut face. A smile of relief. He realised why something had seemed to stir his brain every time he had been handed a report on the wind situation.

By nature a cautious man, Jeff kept his new plan to himself. He ordered all nations to lengthen their tunnels to exactly eight miles and build a likeness of the older underground trains to fit snugly into it. They were also to lay one single track along the bottom of the tunnel and fit the train onto it. Explanations were asked for, but Jeff refused to give one.

"It's a plan I have to help carry your food supplies back and forth," he lied. They did as he ordered. The tunnels were lengthened and the trains built and stationed at the closed end of the tunnel.

The day came—Jeff was given a report that the weather was right for a Dalek attack. He estimated the time it would leave Skaro, and how long it would take for the diamond cloud to get within visibility reach of Earth. By the time it was visible it would be no more than two hundred feet away and, perhaps, a quarter-of-an-hour in time.

The people waited for the signal for them to enter the tunnels. Jeff's orders were that no one was to go into them until he signalled, and anyone attempting to do so was to be shot.

Knowing the cloud would be invisible until about two hundred feet away, Jeff sent up helium balloons to a height of four hundred feet and some at three hundred. When these burst he would know the diamond dust was near.

As the second layer of balloons burst, he ordered everybody to remain above ground but to keep looking downwards. This way they would avoid the prism effect playing havoc with their eyes and making them sick and giddy. They also wouldn't panic at seeing what must appear to be millions of Dalek spaceships on the other side of the cloud. Actually there were no more than four hundred, but the diamond dust prisms would make them seem like millions.

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The cloud reached the two hundred feet level, Jeff looked up. He felt sick, giddy. He knew he would, but he had to do it to time the moment for his final order.

"Start the trains!" he cried.

Three thousand trains in as many tunnels in all parts of the Earth simultaneously began their eight-mile journeys, all reaching the end of the tunnels at exactly the same moment. Their eight-mile runs caused enormous wind velocities and three thousand jets of wind shot upwards through specially angled ventilator shafts. At other strategic points, batteries of super-powered jet engines Jeff had had installed reinforced the blast.

It had the effect he had hoped and prayed it would. Not only did it disperse the diamond dust cloud but it blew it right back into the fleet of Dalek spaceships which disintegrated on impact.

Thanks to Jeff's memory of something he had read about the underground trains of the 1900's, the Daleks had been given a taste of their own medicine.



Jeff Stone landed in an isolated valley in the mountains of Skaro.











